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CAROLINE TWING
(Miss Connie Ediss).

MEAKIN
(Mr. Edmund Payne).

THE HON. GUY SCRYMGEOUR
(Mr. Geo. Grossmith, Jun.).

LADY VIOLET ANSTRUTHER
(Miss Gertie Millar).

MR. CHESTERTON
(Mr. Harry Grattan).

JOSEPHINE ZACCARY
(Miss Ethel Sydney).

THE ROYAL INAUGURATION OF THE NEW GAIETY: SCENE FROM "THE ORCHID," PRODUCED IN PRESENCE OF HIS MAJESTY
AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW GAIETY THEATRE, OCTOBER 26.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"I was a pale young curate then," sang Mr. Rutland Barrington in "The Sorcerer" years and years ago. This statement always struck me as incredible. Mr. Barrington could never have looked like the pale young curate. But Mr. Lecky impersonated this ideal to the life even unto the end of his days. When you saw him in Trafalgar Square, with an unrolled umbrella under his arm, and his plaintive hands in black gloves, you took him for a curate whose curacy was perpetual. It was simply out of the question that a man with this exterior could have written that powerful and illuminating book, the "History of Rationalism." I remember a dinner of the Booksellers, with Mr. Lecky in the chair, between Archdeacon Sinclair and the Bishop of Sodor and Man. Thus supported, he looked like an early martyr in a stained-glass window. "Impossible," I said to myself, "that this can be the author of that masterpiece! he will deny it!" So, in the course of some remarks, I said the world was still grateful for Mr. Lecky's work on Rationalism. He made no protest, but wore more than ever the air of St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar, pierced by another arrow of the heathen.

In his latter years Mr. Lecky seemed to regard his early speculations with misgiving. Faith in the native strength of human reason, in its struggle with tradition and authority, was the dominant note of his "Rationalism." This was not echoed in his book on democracy, which Mr. Morley treated with frank contempt. In Lecky had grown up that distrust of the popular judgment which animated Tennyson's "Locksley Hall: Sixty Years After." Tennyson was haunted by the sound of "the mad mob's million feet," and Lecky gave you the impression that if he heard a fire-engine behind him, he would think that Anarchy had broken loose. After the completion of his "History of the Eighteenth Century," his message became timid; and the volume of poems he published about a dozen years ago seemed like the first shy flutterings of a very youthful recluse. The mad mob's million hands did not clutch at it.

Many years ago an eminent Judge caused some astonishment by asking in his court, "Who is Connie Gilchrist?" The lady was promoted from the stage to the peerage, and it is possible that some eminent Judges are now aware of that. Mr. Andrew Lang seems ambitious to outdo the late Lord Coleridge. He tells the readers of *Longman's Magazine* that he has never heard of Miss Edna May. He has found her name in that diverting squib, "England Day by Day," and wonders who she may be. He is superlatively rich in this sort of wonder, for when he reads that Miss Louie Freear, in an imaginary performance of Bathsheba, brought down the house, the joke has no point for him. Neither has the announcement that the "Rev. R. J. Campbell grows a beard." "Who is the Rev. R. J. Campbell?" There would be a wistful innocence in the absorbed student, coming out of his retirement and asking, "Who are all these persons I find in the shop-windows, in the illustrated papers, and on the hoardings?" If a Darwin betrayed this kind of blankness, nobody would be surprised; but when Mr. Lang puts it on, it seems a trifle artificial. He is not absolutely buried, even in the "History of Scotland"; he must meet golfers now and then who talk of the world outside golf; and although he travels no further north than St. Andrews, N.B., he must occasionally get wind of more adventurous journeys. But when he asks, "Who is Mr. Henry de Windt?" he might as well go further with his artless inquiry, and ask, "Who is Sir Henry Stanley?"

Unless I am much mistaken, Mr. Lang has let himself in for a considerable correspondence. All the readers of *Longman's* cannot be deep in the "History of Scotland." Some of them will think that he has started a new prize competition: a pension for the lucky being who has the greatest number of Miss Edna May's photographs, and can give him the most numerous particulars of her birth, parentage, career, and domestic tastes. "What is 'England's Darling'?" demands Mr. Lang. He will hear from the hall-porter at the Savile Club that it is a poetical work by one Alfred Austin, Laureate. When Mr. Lang honours that haunt of letters with his company, what, I wonder, do the members talk about? Do they plunge into the "History of Scotland," and wallow in the Gowrie Conspiracy? Are Siberian travellers excluded by the rules, and current politics, especially the eloquence of Passive Resisters, voted "bad form"? If an absent-minded anthropologist were to point out to Mr. Lang a portrait of Miss Edna May in the *Sketch*, would the Historian of Scotland leave the room? Perhaps Mr. Lang will gratify some of the readers of *Longman's* by including these questions in the next prize competition. I am sure they would bring him a great access of popularity, and make his name a household word in circles where intellects are sharpened by the collection of strange and precious information.

A correspondent in Dublin calls my attention to "the phenomenon of unconscious imitation in the attitudes assumed by two persons in quiet conversation." "If two men are standing talking near a fireplace, and one of them leans with one elbow on the chimney-piece, and one hand in his trouser-pocket, the chances are that the other will do the same." This is true; and if my correspondent and I were admitted to the Savile Club when Mr. Lang happened to be there, we might notice that the similarity of attitude was sometimes mental as well as physical. When Mr. Lang, by force of habit, suddenly asks, "Who is the Rev. R. J. Campbell?" the member thus addressed inquires with equal earnestness, "Who was John Knox?" The charm of this conversation is that it is all questions and no answers; so when Mr. Lang proceeds, with the automatic curiosity which has no desire to be satisfied, "Who is Louie Freear?" the law of reflex action compels the other man to say, "Who was Mary Stuart?" I begin to think this would make a nice intellectual parlour game for the long winter evenings. The players would go on asking questions until somebody inadvertently tripped into an answer, and would have to pay forfeit. Skill would be shown in making your questions as provocative as possible. For example, if you abruptly asked a peppery friend, "Have you given up soap?" he might not have the presence of mind to retort, "Have you left off brushing your hair?"

No chimney-sweep has yet responded to my inquiry about the possibly antiseptic qualities of soot as a substitute for soap, but my correspondent in Dublin tells me that medical men of his acquaintance discountenance the idea. They are of opinion that the action of soot on the skin of the chimney-sweep is a fruitful cause of cancer. "Modern sanitary science is a system of fighting germs which propagate in dirt of all kinds, and the only people who can abstain with impunity from washing are those who live in the fresh air—Esquimaux, Red Indians, Arabs." My correspondent mentions a still more notable people, whose name I omit for fear of being branded with "fierce, unreasoning hatred of the foreigner." You may say that the Esquimaux, the Red Indians, and the Arabs do not wash, and Dr. Clifford and Mr. Frederic Harrison will keep calm. But the vials of obloquy will be poured out on your Jingoism, and lust of Empire, if you dare to assert that soap is not commonly used by—never mind by whom! The Arabs fold their tents, and silently steal away (frequently taking your portable property with them), but waste no time in folding towels. You may dwell without them on Greenland's icy mountains, on India's coral strand; and in Africa's sunny fountains you need never dip. But in our cities we cannot keep the deadly germs at bay without the soap-boiler; and the sweep is the martyr of our civilisation.

True, there is more air in the Strand than the oldest inhabitant can remember. It is no longer the dingy channel of five-and-thirty years ago; and, but for the wheezy chimes of St. Clement's, and the historic pile which gives birth every week to this Journal, the traveller returning after a long absence would be lost in the transformation. Let him cling to 198, Strand! Who fears to speak of One Hundred and Ninety-Eight? I have before me a Memorial to the County Council begging them to take occasion by the hand and make the bounds of freedom broader yet. They are so broad now that, as an Irish gentleman remarked, but for the intervention of St. Clement's, you could see nothing on the other side with the naked eye. The Memorial proposes to plant in the middle of this illimitable veldt "an island pavement" adorned with trees. When toil and anguish wring the brow at Number 198, we can sally forth and cool it under the spreading palm or lave it in the glittering cascade. Songs of Araby will be chanted by nymphs discreet, and sherbet will flow from that Chaucerian hostel you can just discern through a powerful field-glass. What ho, varlet! hie thee to the Tabard, and beshrew me, be thou not fleetier than the doe, if one penny piece of this realm shall tickle thy unsoaped palm!

It is not called the Tabard, though its front be pleasantly antique. It is reputed for the sale of port, and the name of the host rhymeth therewith. Here, for the benefit of an Anglo-Irish correspondent, who reminds me that port is derived from Oporto, in which the "o" is long, I may remark that the Portuguese may pronounce Oporto as they please, but "port" is an English word, in which the "o" is like that landlord's name. The Memorial prays that "the roadway may have its natural course to and from the Courts of Justice." By all means! In our island bower, under the deodar, lit by the evening star and Chinese lanterns, I shall be most happy to propose the toast of the "natural course." Friends, I give you "Justice." May it be plentiful and free, except in actions for libel, in which the plaintiff must pay all the costs, if journalism is to be free and independent! Sweep everything from the approaches to the Courts except St. Clement's and Number 198. Together we will stand as heralds of the Law, and standard-bearers of Equity.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

OPENING OF THE NEW GAIETY WITH "THE ORCHID." Honoured by the presence of the King and Queen, the new Gaiety Theatre started its mission of amusement last Monday night with every promise of the popularity so lavishly accorded to its predecessor. Mr. George Edwardes' handsome Strand playhouse begins with advantages not possessed by the less majestic structure of Catherine Street thirty-five years ago. The old Gaiety had to create a form of entertainment, a body of entertainers, a clientèle; its successor has all the assistance of the former "temple's" long and successful record. Those many burlesques of Mr. Hollingshead's management, those costlier extravaganzas and musical comedies of Mr. Edwardes' régime, that memorable list of bright irresponsible artists which commenced with Nellie Farren and has not ended with Ellaline Terriss, won for a home of mere frivolity quite a unique stage history as well as an innumerable following. So for his brand-new theatre—which externally, with its classic frontage, raises quite austere expectations, but inside, with its roomy gangways, its satin-wood stall chairs, its heliotrope upholstery, its decorations of green and gold and old rose, suggests all the comfortable luxuriance of a drawing-room—Mr. Edwardes had not to search abroad to find his patrons. They came to his doors, some of them, long before breakfast-time, and waited all day through the rain. Nor had he to seek for supporters behind the footlights. The company and the composers who made "The Toreador" so pleasant a show were available for "The Orchid," and Mr. Edwardes can always be trusted to give his musical comedies a superb setting. The one weak point about the latest Gaiety piece is its story, which, as invented by Mr. J. T. Tanner, recounts the adventures of a rare orchid passed from hand to hand, mixes up with this hunt the imbroglio of two couples of lovers wrongly paired at a registry office, and introduces an orchid-loving, monocle-wearing statesman who, strange to say, despite the efforts of his representative, Mr. Grattan, grows rather tedious. Happily, the costumes provided—one series recalling delicate orchid-tints, another a rich array of fancy dresses—are a triumph of well-harmonised colour. Fortunately, Mr. Lionel Monckton and Mr. Ivan Caryll have done their share in providing light and tuneful melody and nicely fitting their interpreters. That dainty beauty, Miss Gertie Millar, has two sprightly little songs, one devoted to "Little Mary," the other accompanied by a chorus of juvenile pierrots, as well as a factory-worker's duet with the nimble Mr. Fred Wright junior, who himself warbles about an "Emperor of Sahara." An East-End duet once more brings together the quaintly contrasted comedians, Mr. Edmund Payne, all Cockney humour, and the younger George Grossmith, all deliberate inanity, and the former has many farcical scenes in association with Miss Connie Ediss, and the latter an amusing ballad about actors entitled "Bedelia." Miss Ethel Sydney and Mr. Mackinder will probably have more to do when Mr. Edwardes, as he must, has added more dances and musical "turns," and thrown overboard the story of "The Orchid."

SIGNORA DUSE'S "DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS,"

AT THE ADELPHI.

Even Eleonora Duse cannot resist the temptation of a showy rôle, and so in her repertory, as in Sarah Bernhardt's, still remains Dumas fils' sentimental story of the frail "Dame aux Camélias." But in representing Marguerite Gauthier, the Italian actress pursues her inevitable method, absorbing, or rather transfiguring, by her genius such traits of character as appeal to her fastidious notions of womanhood, and calmly rejecting all the rest. Externally considered, the Adelphi Marguerite in no way resembles the author's heroine. Spiritually regarded, they are far apart; yet, emotionally judged, the Duse's is the most affecting Marguerite ever seen upon the stage. All because, borrowing this and that material from Dumas' "Lady of the Camélias," Signora Duse, with her expressive pantomime and gesture, with her extraordinarily subtle nuances of inflection, and with singular power of self-expression, offers from her inner self an ideal picture of feminine tenderness and resignation.

"THE TEMPEST," AT THE COURT.

Those who like to hear Shakspeare's text carefully delivered and do not demand gorgeous spectacle or ambitious acting should gain pleasure by visiting at the Court Theatre Mr. J. H. Leigh's modest revival of "The Tempest." They will find the play sufficiently mounted and agreeably dressed, and though they will not obtain more than scholarly elocution from the manager's academic Caliban or Mr. Charles Lander's impassive Ferdinand or Mrs. Leigh's pretty Miranda, though they may wonder at the ardour of Mr. Acton Bond's Prospero and the modernity of Mr. Hawley Francks's Jester, they will not be deafened by mere noise or dazzled by mere glitter.

MR. CALMOUR'S "DANTE," AT KENNINGTON.

In his Dante play, staged this week at Kennington, Mr. Alfred Calmour has avoided Sardou's device of tableaux vivants illustrating the poet's works, and has relied, it is said, on biographies of his hero, and, it must be added, a rather feeble imagination. Blank verse of the stilted Wills type is his medium, and not too poetic at that. His story—well, it is cheap stuff as connected with a great name, but otherwise bustling and not unamusing cape-and-sword melodrama.

THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.

There was a Fancy Dress Ball last Friday, Oct. 23, at Covent Garden Theatre, attended by the usual large crowd of spectators and dancers, and adorned by costumes of more than the customary originality and splendour. The designs which won prizes, shared, as seems becoming the rule now, between Madame Jeanne and Mr. Clarkson, were less cumbersome than often and more concerned with poetic subjects. Topical mottoes were few—"Arbitration" and "The Far East." Is Fiscal Reform too serious a matter for Covent Garden, or shall we see it at the next ball on Nov. 6?

THE PROGRESS OF THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

Addressing his constituents at Ealing, Lord George Hamilton gave an interesting account of the circumstances that led to his resignation. Unaware that Mr. Chamberlain had resigned, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Ritchie, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Lord George held a consultation and decided to retire from the Cabinet. The Duke undertook to communicate this decision to Mr. Balfour, and Lord George resigned without waiting for the result of the mission. Then he learned from the newspapers, greatly to his surprise, that Mr. Chamberlain had resigned too, and that the Duke had changed his mind. The Unionist Free Food League has issued a manifesto, declaring that it will consider in "a friendly and loyal spirit" any proposal by the Prime Minister to modify hostile tariffs by negotiation, and, if necessary, by the imposition of retaliatory duties. This policy the League regards as quite different from Mr. Chamberlain's, to which it is resolutely opposed. It is believed that the Duke of Devonshire and his supporters have decided to take no part in the agitation against the Government, and that when Parliament meets, and a vote of censure is moved, the Unionist Free Traders will be found in the Government lobby. Sir Michael Hicks Beach will attend the Colston Banquet at Bristol together with Mr. Balfour. Mr. Arthur Markham, M.P., a supporter of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's, writes to the *Times* that the flourishing export of coal is not a sign of prosperity in the coal trade. The supply of hard steam-coal, which is the staple export, he believes to be approaching exhaustion. The entire export trade is regarded by Mr. Markham with anxiety, but he sees no remedy in Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Mr. Asquith, replying at Newcastle to Mr. Chamberlain's recent speeches there, complained that Mr. Chamberlain had ignored the home trade, especially coal and building and the shipping industry. As for imports, "every halfpenny of their value was payment for something which British workmen had expended their industry upon." To this it is objected that a large proportion of the imports represents interest on investments in foreign manufactories with which British workmen have nothing to do. Sir Edward Grey at Alnwick said that retaliation would injure ourselves, and that the Protectionists desired to establish Trusts on the American model. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, justifying at Stirling his language about Mr. Chamberlain, held that "plain words were necessary when pranks were played with the interests of the country."

At Tynemouth Mr. Chamberlain said that Mr. Ritchie was willing to maintain the shilling corn duty, but not to give Canada a preference, and that he threatened to resign on the eve of the Budget. This was why it was decided to drop the duty altogether. After that, Mr. Chamberlain felt that he had no alternative but to submit his policy to the country. He might fail at the next General Election, but he would go on as long as health and strength remained to him. At Liverpool Mr. Chamberlain predicted that Mr. Asquith would find "dumpophobia" no joke when we had a period of depression. He pledged his reputation that his proposals would not add one farthing to the cost of living for any household in the country. Mr. Chamberlain was not now or at any other time to appeal to any class interest or to play off one class against another. If he were right, every class in the country would be benefited by reforms which would give an increase of work to the country generally, increased employment to the poor, and, he dared say, increased profit to the capitalists. If he did not convince the working men, he would be absolutely powerless, for without them he could do nothing. To buy in the cheapest market was not the sole duty of man. The London County Council might have saved something by bringing tramway rails from Germany; but what was the loss in wages to British workmen? Why prohibit sweating if we were to let in the products of sweated foreign labour? He denied that his policy would damage our shipping. If he thought his proposals would seriously injure that great industry, he would think that not only were shipowners justified in resisting them but that they were bound by patriotism to do so. His contention was that however favourable might be the condition of British shipping in certain aspects, it was not increasing so fast as foreign shipping, and that was a symptom he did not like at all. The evils against which shipping had to contend were bounties and subsidies and various disabilities. How could a shipowner stand against these crossings of his path? We had made many sacrifices in many quarters of the world, most of all in that country which he had recently visited. It is only for us to keep the fruits of the victory that they have won, even if we are called upon to give up some antiquated and dearly beloved superstitions. Let us show that prosperity has not destroyed our fibre. He agreed with Mr. Balfour's policy of bargaining and retaliation, but he would go further, and give preference to our Colonies, for without reciprocal dealing we should never keep the Empire.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

This week we publish the second instalment of Major Powell-Cotton's account of his recent journeyings in Equatorial Africa. Both narrative and illustrations are of even greater interest than those published last week. They record the relief of the explorer and his men after their terrible sufferings from thirst, their escape from hostile attack by the warlike Dodinga, and the discovery of a strange region where elephants come to die. There are also many valuable anthropological notes on the habits and customs of the Turkana and Dodinga tribes, whom Major Powell-Cotton had an opportunity of observing minutely. This finely illustrated Supplement forms a remarkable contribution to our knowledge of the Dark Continent.

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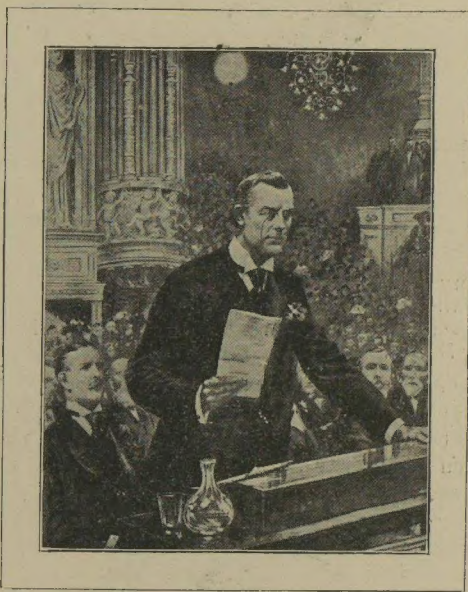
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LONDON HIPPODROME.

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Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS.

TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

DEATH.

HUTH.—On October 21, Ferdinand Marshall Huth, of 41, Upper Grosvenor Street, and Eaglehurst, Fawley, Southampton, Aged 63.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE COURT.

The King and Queen returned to Buckingham Palace on Oct. 24—his Majesty from his visit to Wynyard Park, and her Majesty from Denmark. King Edward met the Queen at Victoria Station, and drove with her Majesty to the Palace. On Sunday their Majesties attended divine service at Marlborough House Chapel. On the afternoon of Oct. 27 his Majesty went by special train to Newmarket, and on arriving there proceeded direct to the race-course. At the conclusion of the races the King went to Egerton House stables, where his own horses are trained. There he was met by Prince Christian, Lord Marcus Beresford, and Sir Ernest Cassel, with whom he made a tour of inspection. The King is staying, as he usually does at Newmarket, in his rooms at the Jockey Club. In the evening Sir Ernest Cassel entertained his Majesty at dinner at Moulton Paddocks, whither the King proceeded on his motor-car.

LORD METHUEN IN VIENNA.

Joseph, has received the emblem of his office from King Edward at the hands of Lord Methuen, who was specially chosen to convey it to Vienna. The Emperor received the General on Oct. 21, when the ceremony of presentation was performed in the simplest manner possible. The Emperor, who wore the uniform of a Colonel of the 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards, his British regiment, was unattended. Lord Methuen was accompanied by two officers, Colonel Fairholme and Captain Benigni. His Imperial Majesty, on receiving the bâton, acknowledged it in a short speech, in the course of which he expressed his sense of the honour which the King had conferred upon him. After the audience Lord Methuen was decorated with the Order of the Iron Crown. On the following evening the Emperor gave a banquet in honour of Lord Methuen at Schönbrunn. Sir Francis Plunkett, British Ambassador, and the Embassy Staff were among the guests, and Count Goluchowski and all the dignitaries of the Austrian Court had also received invitations. Sir Francis Plunkett occupied the place of



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. SAMSON FOX,
ENGINEER.

honour on the right and Lord Methuen on the left of his Imperial Majesty. On the following day the British Ambassador returned to England in company with Lord Methuen. During his stay in Vienna, Lord Methuen inspected the art collections of the city, and for that purpose he made his visit a day longer than had been originally intended.

MADAME LOUBET.

When President Loubet returns the visit of the King and Queen of Italy, it is probable that Madame Loubet will accompany him. An invitation from Queen Helena is believed to be certain, and it is already filling with frenzy the receptacles which the Rocheforts and Drumonts would call their souls. The stream of insult which has fallen harmlessly on the head of the President is now directed with exquisite chivalry against his wife, who will bear it with equal fortitude. It is one of the incurable vices of political partisanship in France that it never spares women. Rochefort is a reincarnation of the venom which destroyed Marie Antoinette. In his entertaining memoirs, which are much better reading than the stuff he writes now, he goes out of his way to rake up the old lies about the Diamond Necklace. That particular campaign cannot be repeated now; but the amiable writer who said that the Judges of the Court of Cassation ought to have their eyelids cut off and their eyes devoured by spiders, is at no loss for calumny. The fury of the Nationalist party is excited by these repeated proofs of the strength of the Republic in the esteem of foreign nations. M. Rochefort has asked his countrymen to believe that their Government is in the pay of the foreigner, and the contemptuous indifference of public opinion in France to this grotesque libel has made him more frantic than ever.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The death of William Edward Hartpole Lecky removes a striking figure of the Victorian era, and makes the first gap in the ranks of the original members of the Order of Merit instituted by the present King. Mr. Lecky was always professor rather than politician, and it is as historian rather than maker of history that he will be remembered; but he lent to the House of



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR HENRY M. DURAND,
NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE REV. J. W. ADAMS,
A CLERICAL WEARER OF THE V.C.

Commons during the eight years he sat within its walls a distinct personality, and the judgment of a proved scholar. He was an impressive speaker, and an ardent opponent of Home Rule. Born in Dublin on March 26, 1838, he was the son of Mr. John Hartpole Lecky, of Dublin, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Early deciding to devote himself to letters, he was but twenty-three when he published his "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," and but four years older when he wrote "The

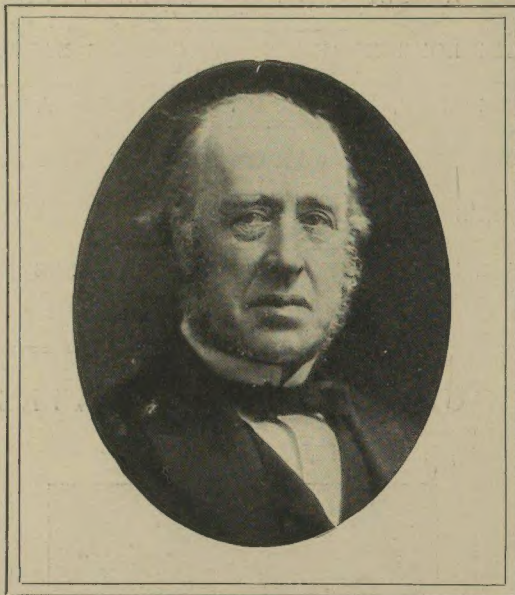


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. W. E. H. LECKY,
HISTORIAN AND POLITICIAN.

History of Rationalism," that first established his reputation. These were followed by his "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne"; his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," a work notable for the insight it displayed into the character and motives of statesmen; his "Democracy and Liberty"; and, later, by his "Map of Life," a work inferior to his earlier productions. Mr. Lecky entered Parliament in 1895 as representative of Dublin

the first British Ambassador who goes to her with Ambassadorial rank already attained, is likely to bind even closer the ties that link the two nations. True, Sir Henry goes from the East to the West—we omit the three comparatively uneventful years he has spent as British Ambassador at Madrid—but doubtless the diplomacy that convinced the Oriental will be equally efficacious with the Occidental. Born in 1850, the son of the late Major-General Sir H. Durand, R.E., and Anne, daughter of Sir J. McCaskill, he was educated at Blackheath Proprietary School and at Eton House, Tonbridge, was called to the Bar in 1872, and a year later entered the Bengal Civil Service. In 1879 he was associated with Lord Roberts as Political Secretary, and on his return from Afghanistan was appointed an Under-Secretary in the India Office, a post that led to his selection as Foreign Secretary five years later. In 1885 he was with the late Marquess of Dufferin and Ava at his meeting with the Ameer of Afghanistan, and again during the Burmese War. The year 1893 found him once more in Afghanistan, this time conducting a special and eventful mission to Abdur Rahman, who died two years ago. Still another year later he resigned his Indian position in order to accept that of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Shah of Persia, and Consul-General at Teheran. Three years ago he was moved to Madrid as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Spanish Court.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Albert D. Vandam, the distinguished journalist and author, who passed away on Oct. 26 at the age of sixty. Mr. Vandam was born in London of a Netherlands family, and was educated privately in Paris, where he lived for many years. He first began to write for the Press at the time of the Prusso-Austrian War, and during the struggle between France and Germany in 1871 he acted as correspondent to several American papers. The year 1882 saw him the Paris correspondent of the *Globe*, and five years later he settled in London. Mr. Vandam made his literary reputation with his book, "An Englishman in Paris," which, on its appearance in 1892, excited a great deal of curious speculation as to its authorship. It was, in fact, believed for a time to be the memoirs of Sir Richard Wallace. The title of the book is very familiar to our readers, for the acknowledgment "By the author of 'An Englishman in Paris'" appeared weekly above our column "Anecdotal Europe" for a considerable period. An accomplished man of the world, a shrewd and keen observer, and a very genial and entertaining companion, Mr. Vandam will be regretted by a large circle of friends at home and abroad.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. A. D. VANDAM,
AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST.

The Rev. James William Adams, Rector of Ashwell and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King, who died on Oct. 20 in his sixty-third year, was not, as has been widely stated, the only cleric entitled to wear the V.C., but he certainly was the only clergyman who won it while a representative of the Church Militant, in the literal sense of the word. Attached, during the Afghan War, first to the Kuram Field Force and then to the Kabul Field Force, he accompanied Lord Roberts on his historic march from Kabul to Kandahar, gaining his coveted decoration for the daring rescue of three Lancers during the action at Bhagwana in December 1879. His military exploits also won him the Afghan medal with four clasps, the Bronze Star for the Kabul-Kandahar march, and the India Frontier medal, with clasp for Burmah. In 1887, though still a member of the Bengal Ecclesiastical Establishment, of which he had been a chaplain for nine-and-twenty years, he relinquished the life strenuous in favour of the less exacting career of a Norfolk rector. Seven years later he accepted the vicarage of Stow Bardolph, with Wimbotsam—a name with a fine Shaksperian ring—and last year that of Ashwell, near Oakham, Rutland. Mr. Adams, who was an Irishman, first went to India in 1867, and was stationed at Serampore. He became honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria in 1900, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King upon his Majesty's accession.

Colonel Douglas Frederick Rawdon Dawson, the King's new Master of the Ceremonies, is a son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Thomas Vesey



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL D. F. R. DAWSON, C.M.G.,
NEW MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES TO THE KING.



THE EARL OF HARDWICKE,
UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA.



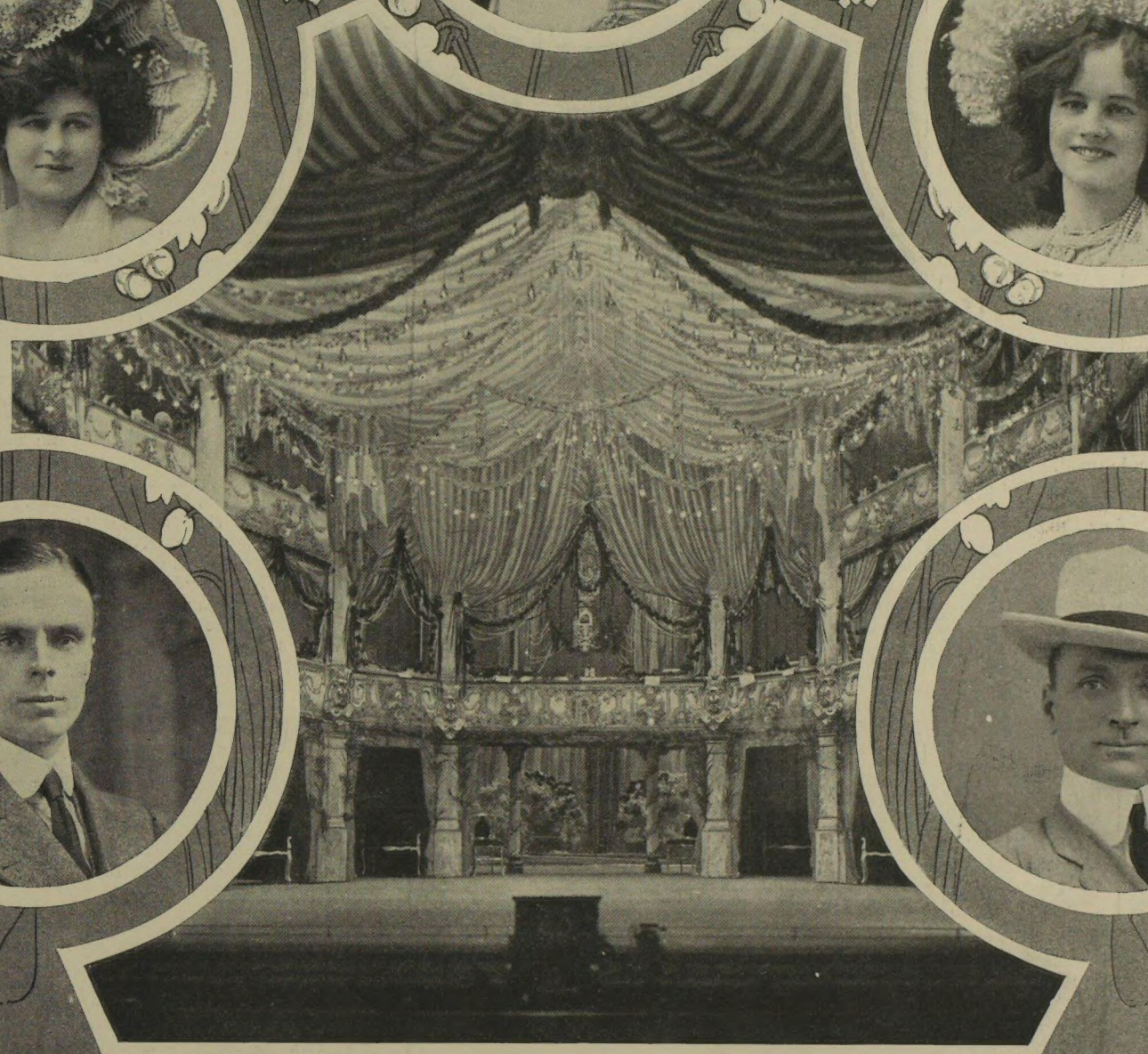
Photo. Lafayette.
THE EARL OF DONOUGHMORE,
NEW PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY, WAR OFFICE.

University, and made his maiden speech in the debate on the Address in the following February; in 1894 he became a corresponding member of the Institute of France; and in 1897 was made a Privy Councillor. His academic gifts were recognised by the University of Dublin's gift of the honorary degree of LL.D.; by the Universities of St. Andrews and Glasgow in the same manner; by the University of Oxford by the presentation of the degree of D.C.L.; and by Cambridge with that of Litt.D.

The appointment of Sir Henry Mortimer Durand as Ambassador to the United States, in addition to gratifying the American nation by sending to Washington

"THE ORCHID,"

GAIETY THEATRE.



Lady Violet AnstrutherMISS GERTIE MILLAR.
 Caroline Twining MISS CONNIE EDISS.
 Zélie Rumbert MISS HILDA JACOBSEN.
 Thisbe MISS GABRIELLE RAY.
 Countess Anstruther MISS PHYLLIS BLAIR.
 Billy MISS LYDIA WEST.
 Lady Warden MISS GERTRUDE AYLWARD.
 Josephine Zaccary MISS ETHEL SYDNEY.
 The Hon. Guy Scrymgeour, MR. GEO. GROSSMITH, JUN.
 Dr. Ronald FaussetMR. LIONEL MACKINDER.
 Mr. Aubrey ChestertonMR. HARRY GRATTAN.
 Comte Raoul de Cassignat.....MR. ROBERT NAINBY.
 ZaccaryMR. FRED WRIGHT, JUN.
 M. FrontenbrasMR. GEORGE GREGORY.
 M. MerignacMR. CHARLES BROWN.
 RegistrarMR. ARTHUR HATHERTON.
 Master of CeremoniesMR. WILL BISHOP.
 M. BelcasseMR. H. LEWIS.
 MeakinMR. EDMUND PAYNE.

Miss Connie Ediss.
 Mr. George Grossmith, Jun.
 Mr. Lionel Mackinder.

Miss Ethel Sydney.

Miss Gertie Millar.
 Mr. Fred Wright, Jun.
 Mr. Edmund Payne.

OLD FRIENDS IN A NEW PLAYHOUSE.

Dawson, M.P., and was born in 1854. Entering the Royal Artillery in 1871, he transferred to the Coldstream Guards three years later, became a Captain in 1885, Major in 1891, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1897, Brevet Colonel in 1901, and Colonel Commandant of the 18th Provisional Regiment in 1902. Colonel Dawson, who is already a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, a Knight Commander of the Iron Crown of Austria, and an officer of the Legion of Honour, may expect speedily to augment his list of honours in these days of peripatetic rulers.

Mr. Samson Fox, of Harrogate, the well-known engineer, who died on Oct. 24, was closely identified with the industrial life of Yorkshire, and was the founder of the Leeds Forge, which gave employment to two thousand people. During the sixty-five years of his active life Mr. Fox took out no fewer than a hundred and fifty patents for inventions relating to mechanical engineering and metallurgical processes. He was thrice Mayor of Harrogate. His interest in music was abundantly demonstrated by his gift of £30,000 towards the erection of the new Royal College of Music at Kensington.

Biographies of the Earl of Hardwicke, new Parliamentary Secretary of the India Office, and the Earl of Donoughmore, new Parliamentary Secretary of the War Office, were published in last week's issue of this Journal.

The debate in the Canadian Parliament on the Alaska Award is remarkable for the declaration by Sir Wilfrid Laurier that Canada ought to ask the Imperial Parliament for more extensive powers. "Difficult as I conceive the situation to be, I am of opinion that so long as Canada remains a Dependency of the British Crown, the present powers we have are not sufficient for the maintenance of our rights." Considering the extreme irritation of Canada at the judgment of the Boundary Commission, this expression of opinion by the Canadian Premier is not surprising. The composition of the tribunal was objected to without avail, but had Canada been represented in an Imperial Council, it is probable that the objection would have been made good. What Sir Wilfrid Laurier means precisely by more extensive powers does not appear; but his protest makes it all the more necessary that the self-governing Colonies should have a voice in the adjustment of their foreign relations. It looks as if the definite alternative of the Opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals will be the creation of an Imperial Council, which would have to come into being all the same even if those proposals were adopted. No attempt to negotiate fiscal bonds with the great Colonies could be made without the help of such a body. The anger of Canada at the Alaska judgment shows that the Empire will run very grave risks if political federation is not accomplished with or without commercial unity.

In the REVOLT IN ARABIA. Assyrian tribes, in Arabia, two tribes have revolted against a new tax on cattle, and have murdered an official, Ahmet Pasha, and about one thousand troops were killed and wounded. The disturbed province lies to the south of Mecca and north-east of Arabia.

We are still RUSSIA AND JAPAN. favoured with diplomatic assurances that nothing serious is the matter in the Far East. Military and naval movements are to be regarded as in accordance with routine, and the Premier, Count Katsura, sheds a regretful tear over the sensational and baseless news (the sorry spawn of the Japanese "Yellow Press") which is telegraphed to Europe. The negotiations with Russia are being pursued by Japan in strict accordance with the spirit of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Japan, therefore, bids us assume, as the least a fair-minded observer can, that Russia is actuated by the same peaceful spirit as that in which the Dual Alliance was extended to the Near East. Japanese Diplomacy fails to see why the present negotiations should not lead to mutually satisfactory

results, and, in any case, there is nothing to warrant any alarm. This, of course, is most comforting hearing, and it is to be hoped that it is the proverbial soft answer which turneth away wrath. There is, however, another

been carried out, the assessors to the Mussulman Governor of Macedonia would have been able to do something towards the rehabilitation of that distracted country; but now, it would seem, we are where we were. This much is sure—that until a Christian Governor is appointed, there will never be satisfaction in the Balkans. This measure it was perhaps too much to hope for, and the makeshift proposed in the joint Memorandum did not, to unofficial eyes, seem to trench very grievously upon the Sultan's rights. Among these rights, Abdul Hamid no doubt counts that of watching over his Macedonian subjects with sleepless care, to which he referred paternally in a recent communication.

The Italians are not reassured about the safety of Benadir.

SOMALILAND. from the Mullah's incursions, and some of their journals complain that the British agreement to safeguard that region is ineffective. The Mullah has taken the offensive at Illig, where his people fired on the boats of the Italian cruiser *Lombardia*, from which a party was attempting to land. The cruiser shelled the fanatic's followers. The Mullah's object in descending to the coast is said to have been the obtaining of supplies. Italy has no desire to find herself saddled with the settlement of the Somali question, but there are small grounds for her fears that she may have to relieve Great Britain of the task.

THE DOGS' CEMETERY IN PARIS. The dogs' cemetery is on an island in the Seine just beyond Clichy and Asnières.

The concierge charges 50 centimes for admission, and the visitor on entering is confronted by the fine monument to "Barry," executed by M. Henri Edeline, the official sculptor to the institution. A plain grave without a headstone may be had for four shillings, and the body is removed on a little wagon for a similar sum. The graves are leased, not sold. The charge for a five years' lease is £1, for ten £2, for twenty £3, and for thirty £4. Very stringent rules forbid the use of ceremonies or decorations such as are used at funerals. No cross may be erected over an animal or bird, for all pets may be interred here. The inscriptions are of a curious and exaggerated sentimentality. Tola Dorian, the author, says on her pet's tombstone that if she "cannot accompany the dear and noble animals, she does not wish for heaven"; and on "Follette's" grave a mourner has placed these words: "My dear Follette, thou who wert always faithful and intelligent, we regret thee much; repose in peace." Near the entrance to the cemetery stands a row of battered memorials, stones from graves the leases of which have expired.

THE HUNGARIAN After weeks of political uncertainty, a Premier has at last been found for Hungary. Whether Count Stefan Tisza will be able to form a Ministry is another matter. The Count is the son of a former distinguished Hungarian Prime Minister, who held office for many years. He is forty-two, a Liberal-Conservative, and something of a fire-eater, for he has been concerned in frequent duels.

A NEW JOURNAL. Since the days of Sackville's "Mirror for Magistrates" there have been many miscellanies and journals which have borne the first part of that famous title; and now we are promised another, which is to be devoted to the special reflection of the world of women. It might indeed be called, parodying Sackville's title, "The Mirror for Madams," were it not that our greatest comic paper has already outdistanced all competitors in adapting to humorous uses the name of the forthcoming publication. The *Daily Mirror*, from which the first flash may be expected on Nov. 2, will be unlike any other paper appearing at an interval of twenty-four hours. *Quicquid agunt femine nostri* is said to be in effect the motto of its editors, who have made every preparation to leave no subject of interest to women untouched. Needless to say, the illustration and description of fashion will be one of the chief concerns of the youngest of journals.

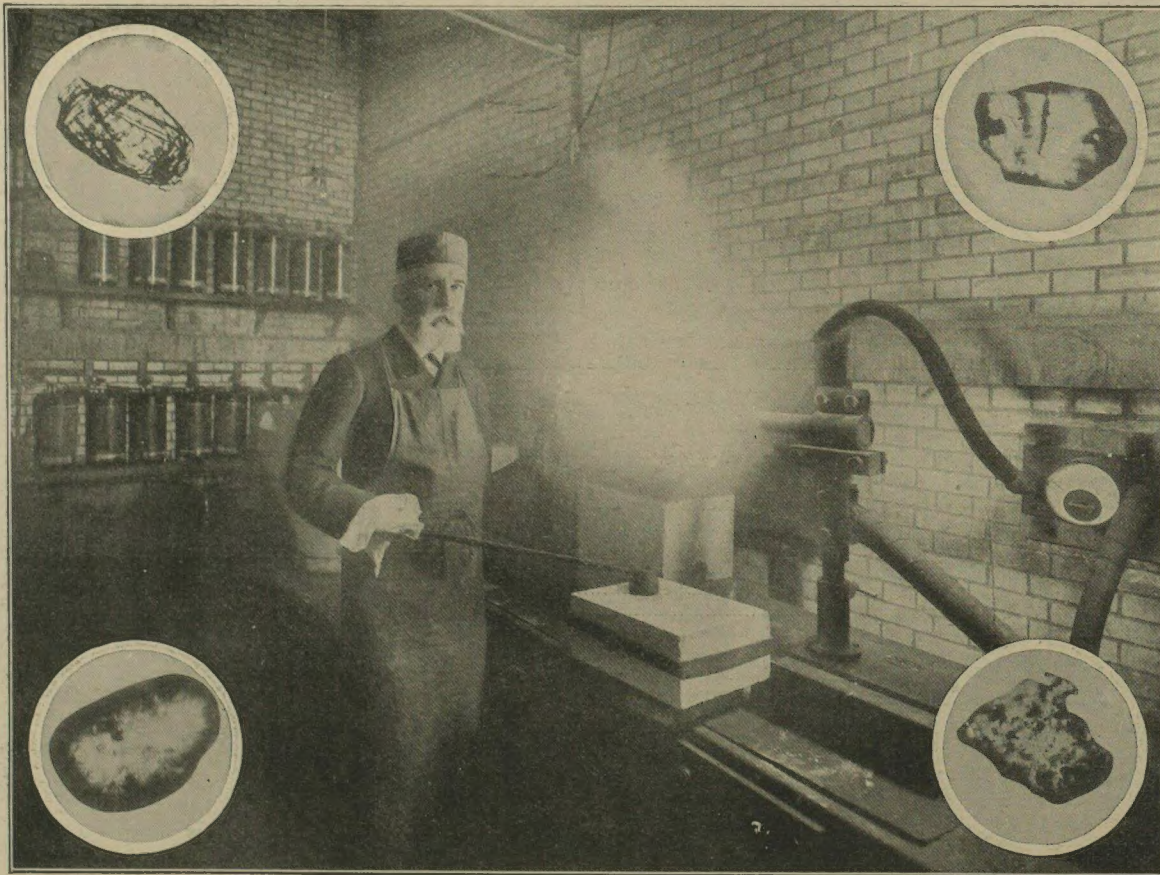


ROYAL GRADUATES OF THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY, DUBLIN: CONFERRING THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAW ON THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND OF DOCTOR OF MUSIC ON THE DUCHESS, OCTOBER 23.

old saw which has to do with fair speeches and their impotence to butter parsnips.

MACEDONIA.

No sooner is a step in the right direction apparently taken in Near Eastern affairs than the Sultan, that past-master of the game of "spoof," presents his inevitable evasion. A day or two ago there was rejoicing at the presentation of that belated Austro-



ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS: M. MOISSAN, THE INVENTOR, AND HIS CHALLENGED PRODUCTS.

M. Moissan, the French man of science who claims to be able to manufacture diamonds in an electric furnace of his own invention, has been taken to task by M. Charles Combes, the mining engineer. M. Moissan is here seen at work at his diamond-making furnace. The process takes six or eight weeks. Tremendous electrical pressure is applied to the raw material, which is withdrawn at white heat from the crucible. The mass, which gradually assumes a greyish colour, contains a particle said to be a true diamond. The small circles contain figures of his crystals.

Russian Memorandum to the Porte, but the measures therein proposed have been declared to be incompatible with the Sultan's rights. The Memorandum was accepted as that half-loaf which is better than no bread, and it is possible that had its requirements

farrago libelli is said to be in effect the motto of its editors, who have made every preparation to leave no subject of interest to women untouched. Needless to say, the illustration and description of fashion will be one of the chief concerns of the youngest of journals.

THE PROGRESS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FISCAL CAMPAIGN: THE LIVERPOOL SPEECH.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LIVERPOOL.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT THE HIPPODROME, LIVERPOOL, OCTOBER 27.

The meeting was held under the auspices of the Working Men's Conservative Association, and Mr. Chamberlain addressed an audience of about five thousand persons. The right honourable gentleman made a direct appeal to his audience, and in the course of his speech declared, "If I do not convince the working classes, I am absolutely powerless."

THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD: No. X. — GERMANY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



I. THE GRENADEIER REGIMENT, KÖNIG WILHELM I. (2ND WEST PRUSSIAN), No. 7.

2. THE "SCHÜTZENKETTE," OR ADVANCED FIGHTING LINE.

3. A PATROL OF THE 3RD HUSSAR REGIMENT (VON ZIETHEN) RECONNOITRING.

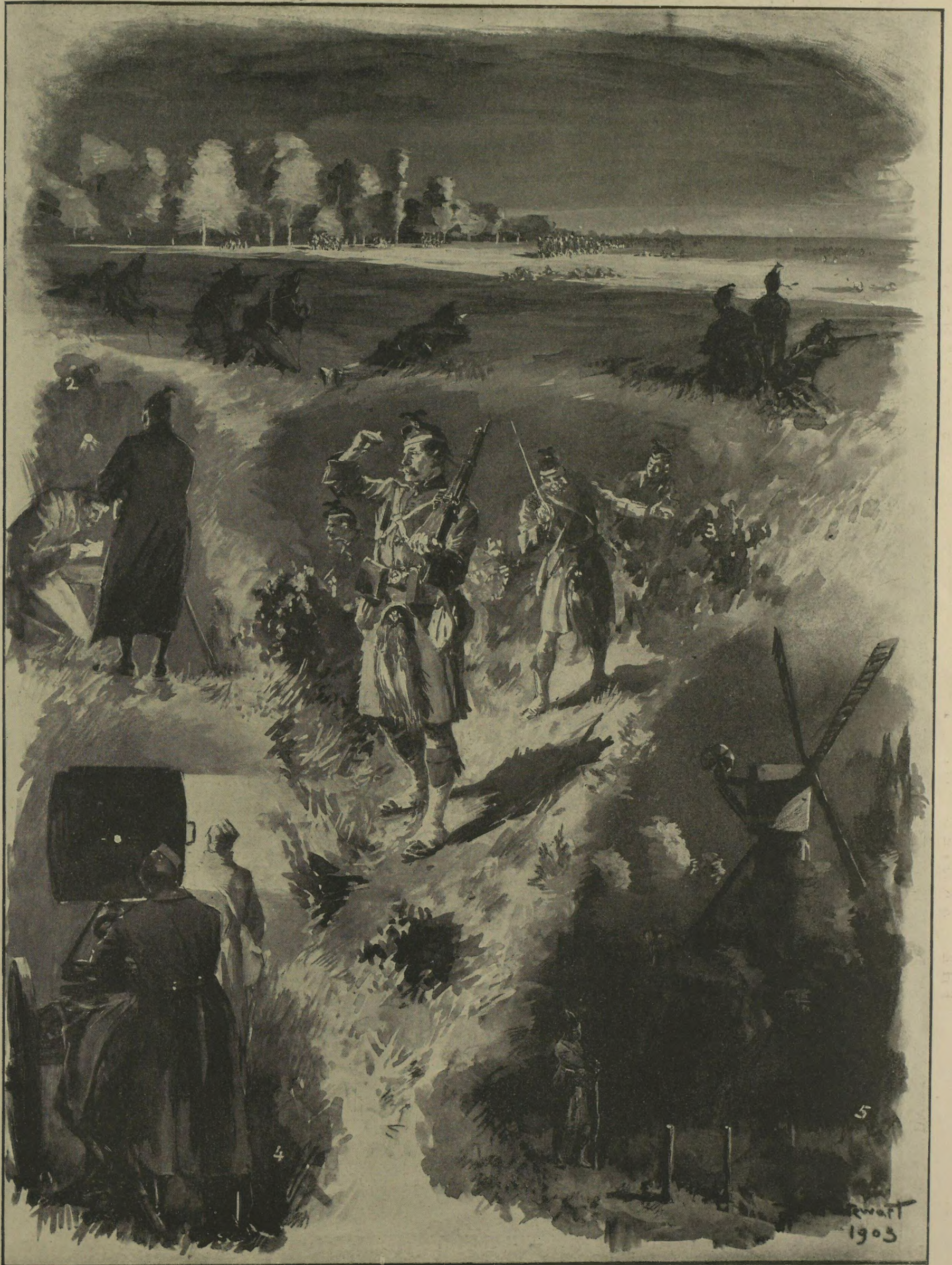
4. THE 8TH CUIRASSIER REGIMENT, "GRAF GESSLER," ON THE MARCH.

5. THE GARRISON ARTILLERY OF THE GUARD WORKING 15-CENTIMETRE SIEGE GUNS.

The total numerical strength of the German Army on a peace footing is 23,176 officers, 557,436 men, and 98,038 horses.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN WARFARE: NIGHT MANŒUVRES BY THE LONDON SCOTTISH.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS.



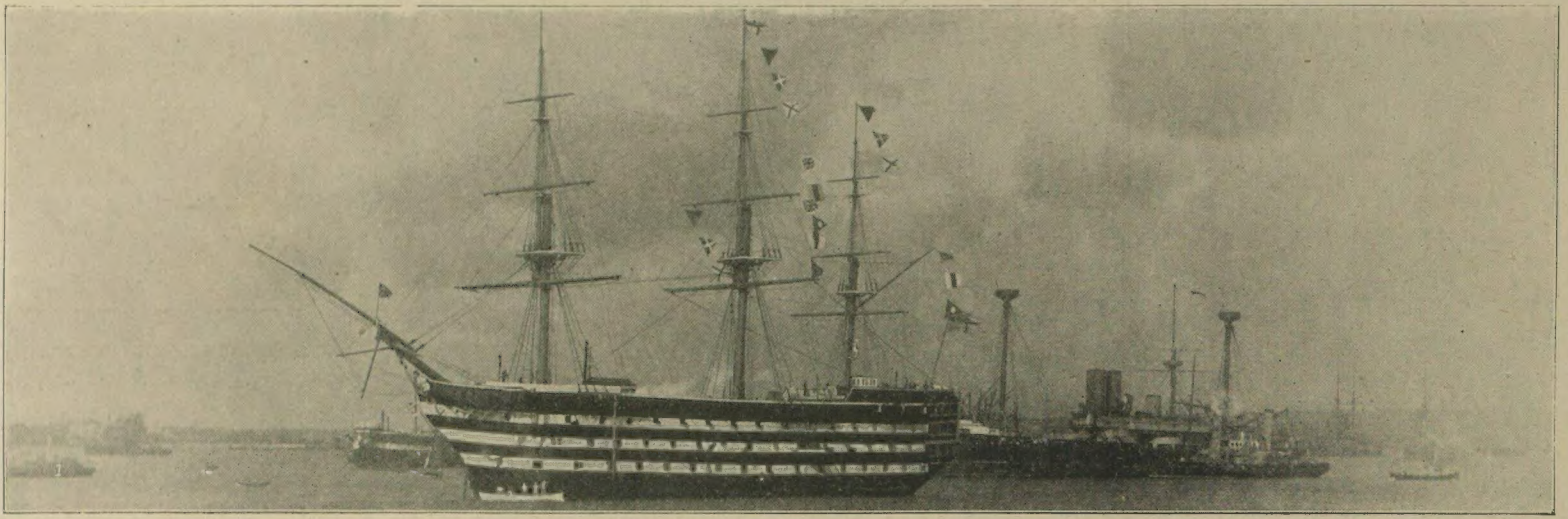
1. THE SEARCHLIGHT REVEALING THE ATTACKING FORCE.
3. IN THE GLARE OF THE SEARCHLIGHT.

2. SIGNALLING WITH SMALL LAMP. (NOTE THE ANSWERING LAMP IN THE DISTANCE.)
4. WORKING THE PORTABLE ELECTRIC SEARCHLIGHT.

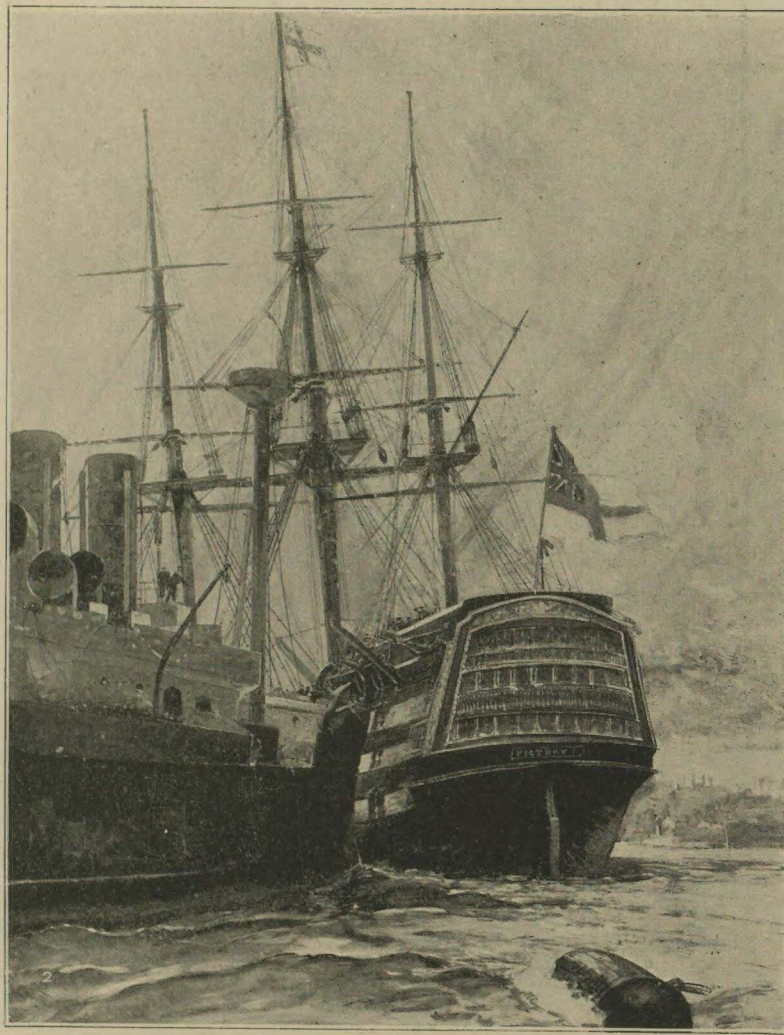
5. BEHIND THE WINDMILL.

On the night of October 24 the London Scottish Volunteers conducted experimental manœuvres on Wimbledon Common. A midnight attack was planned and executed in the dark, and the Electricians' Corps brought into play their portable electric searchlight, which was posted near the Windmill. The power for the light was supplied by a traction-engine. Signalling with a small lamp was also carried out. The effect of the light sweeping over the Common in the dense darkness was extremely picturesque, and not without its military utility.

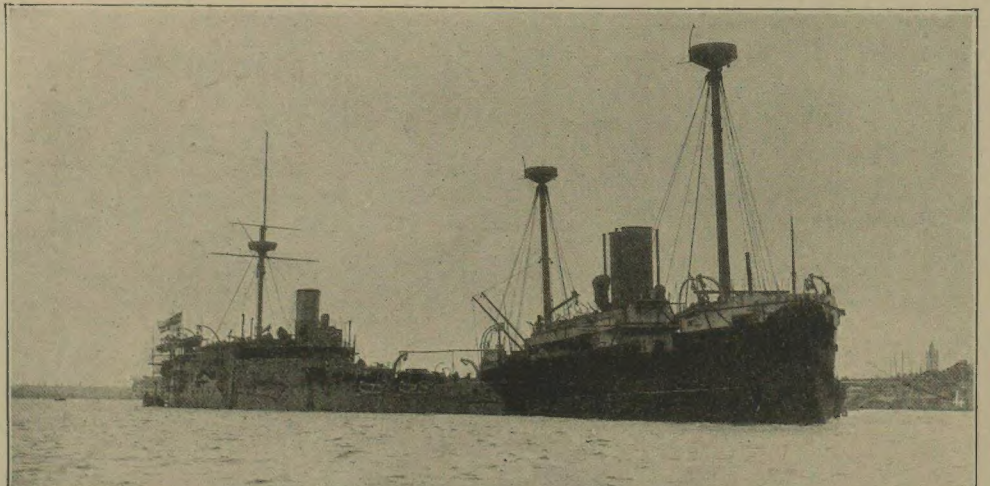
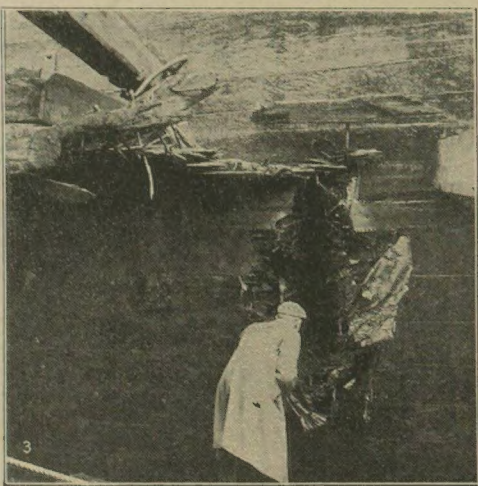
AN AWKWARD REUNION: NELSON'S "VICTORY" IN COLLISION WITH THE "NEPTUNE," THE DESCENDANT OF HER OLD COLLEAGUE AT TRAFALGAR.



THE collision took place in Portsmouth Harbour on October 23, two days after the anniversary of Trafalgar. The "Neptune" was being towed down harbour when the tow-rope snapped, and she went adrift and collided with the "Victory," knocking a hole in her port side 5 feet deep and 2 feet broad. The top of the hole was level with the water-line. The "Neptune" was finally brought up by the skilful act of the commander of the "Hero," who, noticing that the bows of the drifting vessel were pointed to his midships, slipped his cable and went astern, with the result that the "Neptune" came gently across his ram, damaging only his paint. The



"Victory" was towed into dry dock. Admiral Fisher has issued a signal commending the conduct of her crew. The "Neptune," which has recently been sold out of the Navy, was on her way to Hamburg to be broken up. She is the descendant of a wooden vessel of the same name, which, curiously enough, fought side by side with the "Victory" at Trafalgar; and the collision on a date so near the famous 21st of October was a curiously unfortunate scraping of old acquaintance. The obsolete ironclad which sent Nelson's flagship to dry dock was of 9310 tons burthen, and was built at Poplar in 1878. She is 300 feet long and has 63 feet beam.



1. THE "VICTORY" FLYING THE SIGNAL FOR HELP IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ACCIDENT.
3. THE HOLE IN THE "VICTORY'S" SIDE: THE EXACT SHAPE OF THE "NEPTUNE'S" RAM.

2. THE COLLISION.—[DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.]
1. THE FINAL ARREST OF THE "NEPTUNE": THE VESSEL LOCKED WITH H.M.S. "HERO."

THE BATTLE BETWEEN SHIPS' ARMOUR AND ARTILLERY: THE MAKING OF A KRUPP ARMOUR-PLATE.



THE photographs show a block of armour, three times as strong as iron, in process of making at the Krupp factory at Essen. First of all a large block of steel is cast; that in the photograph is the largest ever made. The next photograph shows the plate being drawn to the furnace, in which it is brought to a white heat. While at this temperature it is brought underneath powerful rollers and submitted to immense pressure until it assumes its desired size—that is, something a great deal thinner than the original casting. The effect of this is to force the molecules of the steel together, with the result that much greater hardness is imparted to the



plate. It is also submitted to the special patent Krupp process of face-hardening known as "cementation," a process too intricate and technical to be described here. The result is that the plate has a surface of extreme hardness, calculated to fracture the point of a projectile hitting it. Subsequently the plate is bent to assume the required shape; and here, unless the greatest care be exercised, the value of the cementation may be taken away. Indeed, the "K.C." process, as it is called, is rarely applied to curved surfaces, though the Krupp firm has lately introduced a new special process for this. As a rule, however, curved plates are non-cemented.



1. THE LARGEST BLOCK OF METAL EVER CAST FOR AN ARMOUR-PLATE: THE MATERIAL LEAVING THE CASTING-PIT.

2. PUTTING A LARGE ARMOUR-PLATE SLAB ON THE FURNACE.

3. BENDING AN ARMOUR-PLATE.

4. ROLLING OUT A LARGE ARMOUR-PLATE.



AN AUTUMN FISHING MEET: HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS FISHING FESTIVAL.
The anglers were photographed on St. Leonards Pier during the progress of the three days' competition, October 24-26.



Photo. Dunlap

DR. DOWIE'S FOLLOWERS AT NIAGARA: THE "RESTORATION" HOST AT THE FALLS.
The army which Dr. Dowie led to convert New York found time for pleasure excursions, and the visit here depicted took place on October 15.



THE NEW PARISH CHURCH AT CHATHAM, OPENED OCTOBER 28.
At the consecration ceremony Lord Roberts was present. A church has stood on this site from Saxon times. Henry VIII. gave the patronage to the Dean and Chapter of Rochester. The new building has cost over £16,000.



Photo. Optical Press Agency.

THE ALARMING FIRE AT EYE, MID-SUFFOLK: THE RUINS.
The fire, which broke out on October 23, gave rise to grave fears for the safety of the town, as much gunpowder was stored in the burning buildings; but fortunately the damage was confined to some stores and one private house.



BRICKLAYING BY MACHINERY: AN EXPERIMENTAL MACHINE FOR 9-IN AND 14-IN. WORK.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

In place of, or in addition to, the ordinary scaffold-poles, two vertical posts are placed at the end of the wall that is to be built; intermediate posts are used if necessary. Fixed to these is a light girder capable of being raised as the work proceeds; on the top of this runs the actual machine. This machine has a pinion which gears into a chain stretched along the girder. By turning this pinion by a winch-handle, the machine travels. The man on the left feeds the bricks by hand to the machine, and by means of a peculiarly shaped lever and by revolving rollers the bricks are caught and pushed home up against the last laid bricks. Guide rollers at the side keep a "face" on the work; other rollers press the bricks down on the mortar. The mortar is run out by a hopper worked by hand. The pressure of the rollers and the movement of the bricks themselves drive the mortar well into the spaces of the work. The machine, which is the invention of Mr. J. H. Knight, Farnham, can lay 400 to 600 bricks per hour, or six men's work.



PARENT PARTRIDGES, AND THE LAST OF THEIR BROOD: THE COCK AND HEN DISTINGUISHED BY PLUMAGE.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.

The chief distinction between the plumages of the cock and the hen partridge is that in the former the feathers of the upper part of wing and scapulars are marked with very fine wavy black lines on a yellow ground; whereas in the hen bird these feathers have light buff cross-bars on a black ground, the tips only of these feathers being similar to those of the cock bird. The hen also has larger buff streaks on top of the head than the cock, and has the feathers on sides of neck more or less tipped with buff spots. As a rule, the cock has a larger horseshoe than the hen, but this is not invariably the case. The young bird on the right shows the plain streaked nestling feathers in head, neck, back, and flanks. The moulted plumage in it shows it to be a hen bird.



FEATHER FROM SCAPULARS,
HEN PARTRIDGE.



FEATHER FROM SCAPULARS,
COCK PARTRIDGE.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR.

The Ambassadors. By Henry James. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The Heart of Rome. By F. Marion Crawford. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)
Jemima. By Ella MacMahon. (London: Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
The Beryl Stones. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (London: Arnold. 6s.)
A Lady of Misrule. By Henry Cresswell. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
Up Side-Streets. By W. Pett Ridge. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.)
The Tree-Book. By Mary Rowles Jarvis. The Country Handbook Series. (London: John Lane. 3s.)
The Preces Private of Lancelot Andrewes. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by F. E. Brightman, M.A. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

Mr. Henry James's new story is a fine specimen of his ironical comedy. The theme is original. All his themes are original. There is not a single book of his which does not disclose a perfectly new combination of characters, and even of incidents. What could be more excellent comedy than this story of the simple-minded gentleman sent from Massachusetts to reclaim a young American who has been leading a mysterious life in Paris for years, and is wanted at home to carry on his father's factory? The particular industry in Massachusetts which demands Mr. Chad Newsome's undivided energies is never specified. It is the manufacture of some common article of domestic use, exquisitely incongruous with the romantic spell which keeps Mr. Newsome in Paris. The chief ambassador, Mr. Lambert Strether, essays to unravel the mystery; and when he reaches the heart of it, he has some surprising lessons in Parisian life, with which it is impossible to reconcile the social judgments of his Massachusetts town. He comes to the conclusion that it is young Chad's duty to stay where he is, and fulfil his obligations to a lady who has finished his education by a process which Massachusetts cannot be expected to sanction. It may be objected that this process is not made sufficiently clear; and certainly one of the strangest things in the book is that we do not find Chad and Madame de Vionnet in any scene of disclosures. They are in a boat together on one occasion, and that tells a secret to the onlooker; but of what they said to each other we have not a single word. Mr. James obtains his effects by an accumulation of allusions—a method which piques the curiosity but seldom satisfies it. We do want to know a little more of some of his personages than Mr. James chooses to tell us; and perhaps we should be content to know less than we are told about Mr. Strether. Chad does not behave well in the end; but his behaviour is a little too spectral to move us deeply. There is, however, an extraordinary fascination in the book for anyone who has cultivated a taste for Mr. James's peculiar talent.

If Mr. Marion Crawford had called his new novel "The Lost Waters of Rome" instead of "The Heart of Rome" he would have proclaimed at once the central interest in it. He shows us in two little autobiographic notes how it was built up. He tells us that he himself has seen, within not many years, a construction like the dry well in the Palazzo Conti of his story. It was discovered in the foundations of a Roman palace, between the cellars of which and the Tiber there was a communication. Down in the heart of Rome, among its ancient foundations, flowing in conduits the plan of which is unknown, are certain mysterious "lost waters." The rush of them is quite audible, but no one knows whence they come or whither they go. Upon the knowledge of this fact and his recollection of the dry well he once saw discovered, Mr. Crawford has based "The Heart of Rome." Another element in it he owes to another early recollection. When he was a boy there was accidentally found, and he was taken to see, in the courtyard of the Palazzo Righetti, concealed by a well-built vault, evidently constructed for the purpose in the foundations of the Theatre of Pompey, a colossal statue of gilt bronze, which now stands in the Rotonda, in the Vatican Museum. It was an easy matter for him to place hidden treasure in the cellars of the Palazzo Conti, where already, for the purposes of his story, he had located the "lost waters." The reader will now be prepared to expect in "The Heart of Rome" romance, adventure, intimate descriptions of Roman life, and lurid tragedy, all of which save one he will find. There is no tragedy. Everything ends as well as Sabina Conti deserves—and that is saying much, for she is an engaging heroine, drawn with all the charm that lies in Mr. Crawford's pencil.

Jemima, the heroine of Miss MacMahon's new novel, is pre-eminently a young woman of the present day, inasmuch that she is a cheerful, attractive, and wholly human spinster of thirty, by no means dismayed by what an earlier generation would have considered a disproportionate weight of years. She is a typical Englishwoman of her age and position; we have all met her kind, and are able to recognise the truth of her charm, her simple cleanliness of thought and character, her generous heart. There are many Jemimas in our twentieth-century world, doing credit, by their existence, to its conditions. The book to which she gives its title is a conventional love-story, smoothly written, distinguished more by a certain briskness than by brilliant dialogue or dramatic situations. The figure of Captain Cartwright, the son of a gas-fitter millionaire, whose resented intrusion into county society has disagreeable consequences, is not pleasing; its drawing may be true to life, but it lacks delicacy; a lighter touch might have made it appear in less dubious taste. Miss MacMahon's views of society are occasionally so restricted that they narrow to snobbery; but fortunately these blemishes are not sufficiently glaring to spoil a pleasant story. It ends upon a deeper note than that with which it opens. It was inevitable that Jemima, long serene in independence, should come reluctantly, incredulous at a belated happening of the supreme miracle, to love. There is no little skill in the way in which her romance is made to command our sympathies, and our gratification at its happy ending.

To that philosophical section of the reading public which prefers entertainment to realism and a thrilling narrative to would-be discerning dullness, we commend "The Beryl Stones." Mrs. Sidgwick's story is furnished forth with a nice sense of proportion: plentiful incident used with infinite discretion, a current of tragedy confined within decent limits, and a fine sense of the ridiculous are successfully combined by a skilful hand. To quote the washerwoman, we would not "go for to say" that the result is lifelike; but interesting it certainly is, and not impossible, albeit such noble-hearted young men and such kindly disposed actor-managers are not to be met with every day. The villain, too, is tenacious even among his kind, and not lightly balked of his purpose. The heroine, who has in dire necessity stolen a necklace (the beryl stones in question) from her hard-hearted relatives, is well drawn and attractive. Her principles naturally lead her to discourage Sir Harry Jocelyn, although she discovers that "the heart, when it is touched deeply, is neither moral nor submissive, but will beat to the tune you have said your ears shall not hear." Such, however, is the noble quality of her mind that she compels it to beat for her ears alone until, as she believes, every difficulty has been removed from her path. Of course, this is not the case; but the interested must be left to find the sequel in Mrs. Sidgwick's pages.

Mr. Cresswell has chosen to deal with a subject abhorrent to Mrs. Grundy, as unpleasant as it is unfortunately true, but he has chosen to deal with it in a manner and with a poetic justice to which not even Mrs. Grundy could object. Judged by conventional canons, his chief characters—Maurice Ashmole, folly incarnate, a gentleman bent on racing along the road to ruin in as gentlemanly a manner as possible; and Leonore Clairchugh, the embodiment of the present, a notorious "Lady of Misrule," who would have been at home at the Court of the Second Charles—are far from desirable persons; but it cannot be denied that the record of their relations, the development of the liaison into the love-affair, makes a story as romantic as it is pitiful. Carelessly or over-elaborately handled, such a subject must have been anathema—an impossibility, save, perhaps, in the works of Tolstoy or some other ultra-realistic writer from whom nothing is too "impossible" not only to be tolerated, but to be applauded. Treated as Mr. Cresswell has treated it, with a most commendable restraint, it is never offensive. True, the book is not one for the young lady of fifteen, but as a study of human nature, weak yet strong, it is almost justified, even in the eyes of the Puritanical.

To go "Up Side-Streets" with Mr. Pett Ridge is to meet many old friends, some of whom first saw the light in these pages. The stories show no falling-off in power, and the author's style is mellowing. He is learning to leave mere photography behind, and to transmute his material through the medium of imagination, whence a greater persuasiveness. Before long he may safely claim to be "inevitable." A stronger grasp of situation appears in "A Sense of Duty" and "Independence Day"; and "The Happy Prisoner" is an episode to purge cynics of their cynicism. Jim Wolland, A.B., fell foul of the rural policeman, who, as the last train for the county town had gone, had to lock his prisoner up for the night in his wife's wash-house. Next day the sailor, by sheer handiness and social accomplishments, caused his host to forget all about the crime and the charge. Jim also did his captor extraordinary service in detecting a burglary. And thus, like the reader, he went on his way rejoicing.

If only for its first chapter, we would welcome "The Tree-Book," the third volume of the Country Handbook Series now being issued by John Lane. The growth and preservation of trees, so carefully and profitably studied throughout the rest of Europe, is neglected in Great Britain to a very serious extent, and any book that helps to remind Britons of their duty to the land, and the risks attendant upon the continued neglect of that duty, serves a very useful purpose. Neatly arranged, and illustrated with really excellent photographs of familiar trees, the volume pleases eye and hand; while if the author's style gives brief occasion for regret, it is by no means bad. Moreover, any genuine lover of trees who really appreciates their more subtle beauties, and endeavours to help others to the same appreciation, disarms criticism. Even the frequent references in this volume to the market-price of trees and the proper season for their cutting do not offend, since the author seeks to be practical, and to prove that the cultivation of trees is not only beautiful, but profitable as well.

The private devotions of Bishop Andrewes have been made available for general use in a large variety of editions; but the work of Mr. Brightman is likely to displace them all in the affections of those who desire to get as near as possible to the Bishop's meaning and habit. As the prayers were composed by Andrewes entirely for his own service, and were not given to the public until some years after his death, there is much room for the labours of a really competent editor. That is found for us in Mr. Brightman, who is in thorough sympathy with the spirit of Andrewes, and has the theological scholarship essential to any adequate treatment of the "Preces." He gives us a new translation marked by extreme care, a careful rearrangement of the text where it seemed called for, a supply of really exhaustive notes and side references to sources which may be desired by the devout user. The text of Holy Scripture could hardly have been dealt with in a more reverent or comprehensive fashion. How far modern devotional practices tend to follow or to depart from such methods as those elaborated by Bishop Andrewes, it is difficult to say; but as the Bishop's work is one of the glories of Anglican literature on its devotional side, there should at least be a welcome for this edition among members of the English Church.

THE LITERATURE OF A FESTIVAL.

The modern return to Paganism, upon which some plume themselves as upon an advance in culture, has at least this serious defect: that it shows no care for the ancient rites. It is, in fact, a condition of sheer negation, while Paganism was almost aggressively positive, abounding and even revelling in beliefs. The more spiritual modern grows rarer, and now such beliefs as our Pagans retain are fixed for the most part on manifestations of sheer force, as embodied, to take the most cogent example, in means of speed. The exquisite whims of folklore and the rites of natural religion fall daily into greater desuetude; our Pagans are wholly gone after Juggernaut. In their annihilation of time and space—and, by the way (and without intent), of their neighbour's ox and his ass—they have forgotten times and seasons except in so far as the former may be "records" and the latter the Olympiads of Gordon-Bennett. Not that the whole of this forgetfulness is to be laid at the door of petrol and electricity, most worthy servants of the race. At an earlier day Tennyson mourned how "all the old honour" had gone from the greatest festival of the year; but the tendency existing even in 1830 is accentuated by the conditions of 1903. Put back the clock we cannot. "Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole"; yet the sentimentalist may be permitted his gentle regret for their consignment to the wallet at Time's back wherein he puts alms for oblivion.

Thus it happens that this 31st of October, a date precious to our forefathers, and eagerly looked forward to by them, especially in their younger years, passes almost without the mention of its once familiar name, except, perhaps, in the inevitable *Globe* "turnover." Time was when All Hallow's Eve, more musically in Scotland "Hallowe'en," more bluntly "Nut-crack Night" in northern England, reigned supreme among the festivals of the year in appeal to the popular imagination. Its mystic ritual of divination on the great questions of love and death may have lacked something of dignity, but the homely paraphernalia of its spells, wrought at the eerie season of the shortening daylight and lengthening evenings, only endeared it the more to the celebrants, and still bind it by indissoluble kinship to the magic of Theocritus' exquisite "Pharmaceutria." Its more rollicking humours inspired Robert Burns to a picture that will remain for all time a document of Scottish folk-lore in the eighteenth century. In its more intimate and mysterious aspects, he touched it for the length of a single stanza in the inevitably human "Tam Glen," and it was these lines in particular, Allan Cunningham tells us, that proved the success of the lyric with the Scottish peasantry—

The last Hallowe'en I lay waukin'
 My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken,
 His likeness cam' up the house stalkin',
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

"It was sung," says Cunningham, "in the field and at the fireside," and he adds (with a touch of Homeric reminiscence), "Husbandman as he met husbandman, slapped his thigh and exclaimed, 'The very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.'" The superstition of the droukit sark sleeve prescribed that the love-lorn damsel should on Hallowe'en dip the sleeve in water and hang it up at the fire to dry, and then lie in bed watching it until midnight, when the apparition of her future husband would come and turn the garment. Akin to this, though less resembling the ceremonies of Madeleine on St. Agnes' Eve, is another alluded to by Burns in his longer poem: the eating of an apple at the looking-glass, wherein the face of the beloved may then be expected to appear.

Wee Jenny to her granny says—
 Will ye go wi' me, granny?
 I'll eat the apple at the glass
 I gat frae Uncle Johnny.

But the beldame, who has advanced towards Neopaganism, pours vitriol if not petrol—upon the scheme, and warns the damsel that—

Mony a ane has gotten a fricht,
 And lived an' died deleerit
 On sic a nicht.

Of this designing uncle, who bestowed either the glass or the apple, we hear again at the close of the poem in connection with yet another observance—that of the three "luggies" or bowls, which were set on the hearth, one containing clean water, another sooty water, while the third was empty. These the diviner approached blindfold, and if he put his hand into the fair or the foul, so would he wed maid or widow; if into the empty vessel, single blessedness would be his portion. Doubtless the grandmother was satisfied, for—

Auld Uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin' Mar's year did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice
 He heaved them on the fire
 In wrath that nicht.

The pulling of kail-stalks, the burning of nuts, the spell of the blue clue have their due commemoration, and on each rite Burns himself wrote an explanatory note. The weirdest of all was that of the clue. "Steal out all alone to the kiln and, darkling," he enjoins with a fine fitness of phrase, "throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn." This was to be wound out again, and at the end it would be held. The inquirer must then ask, "Wha hauds?" and a voice would name the future spouse. Of the Hallowe'en sport of ducking for apples (not a rite of divination) the bard has no mention, nor does he allude to the mysterious power supposed to reside in those born on October 31 of seeing and conversing with spirits. Of this, however, Walter Scott availed himself in "The Monastery," thus spoiling his story, in the opinion of many, by the obtrusion of the supernatural. Scott's mind possessed such a happy objectivity that his ghostly machinery always creaks—a fault which may also be attributed to Shakspeare. These accessories indeed are, like the many curious tales of Hallowe'en death-warnings, best left to accomplished members of the Psychological Research Society.



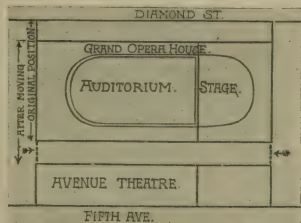
HER RIVAL.
BY FLEMING WILLIAMS.

THEATRE-REMOVAL EXTRAORDINARY: THE BODILY TRANSFERENCE OF THE PITTSBURG OPERA HOUSE TO A NEW SITE, AND SIMILAR FEATS OF AMERICAN ENGINEERING.



THE REMOVAL OF A SMALL BRICK BUILDING IN BANGOR, U.S.A.: THE START.

WHILE it has taken the Gaiety, figuratively speaking, many months to cross from one side of Catherine Street to the other, an American theatre has recently performed a some-



THE REMOVAL OF THE PITTSBURG OPERA HOUSE: PLAN SHOWING OLD AND NEW SITES.

what similar feat in less than thirty-six hours. In both instances the removal was necessitated by street improvements; but in the case of the Grand Opera House, Pittsburgh, the building was



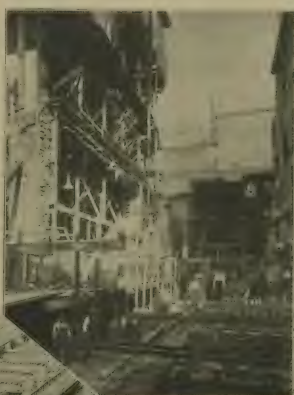
AN AMERICAN DOUBLE BRICK HOUSE TURNED COMPLETELY ROUND WITHOUT DISTURBING THE RESIDENTS.

lifted from its foundations and moved bodily a distance of twenty-two feet. The theatre, which is the largest in Pittsburgh and is the home of one of the best stock companies in America, covers a site measuring 128 feet by 80 feet, and weighs approximately 2400 tons, yet the building was transferred to its new position without the slightest injury to its contents. Parallel to the Opera House, and divided from it by a space of just over twenty feet, was another theatre, the Avenue, the position of the two buildings being very similar to



THE PITTSBURG OPERA HOUSE (ON RIGHT) ADVANCING TO TOUCH WALL ON LEFT.

that of Wyndham's and the New Theatre in London, which, it will be recollected, are merely separated by a wide passage. Imagine that one of these theatres was moved back until it almost touched the other and we have an exact counterpart of this unique feat in theatre-moving. About four weeks were occupied in preparing the building for removal, but the actual transference was

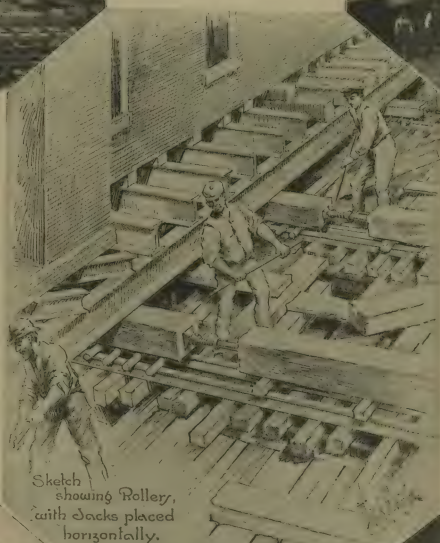


THE PITTSBURG OPERA HOUSE IN MOTION: THE SPACE TO BE TRAVERSED.

only a matter of hours, and so smoothly was the feat performed that it was practically impossible to tell that the structure was on the move. Nine hundred jack screws were used to push the building up. Then supports and rollers were placed beneath in order to effect the movement. Jack screws, acting horizontally, were now braced against the pavement, each one being so arranged as to push the end of one of the great beams upon which the theatre was resting. At each jack stood a man, and these operators, in obedience to



THE RAISING OF A CHURCH AT CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETTS, TO BUILD A HALL BELOW.



Sketch showing Rollers, with jacks placed horizontally.



THE COURT-HOUSE, HINGHAM, NEBRASKA, ON ITS NINETEEN-MILE JOURNEY TO ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA.

a whistle, gave the screw a twist. The movement at each twist was imperceptible, but it was none the less sure, and gradually the huge building, weighing 2400 tons, was pushed into its new position twenty-two feet from its original site. When the Opera House had come into place over its new foundation, it was not lowered again, but the masonry was carried up to meet the brickwork of the wall. The steel supporting beams were then carefully removed, and the openings were closed. The cost of the undertaking was over a quarter of a million



THE PITTSBURG OPERA HOUSE WELL ON ITS WAY: THE ORIGINAL FRONTAGE LINE COINCIDED WITH THE WALL OF THE DISMANTLED HOUSE INDICATED BY THE ARROW.

THE METHOD OF RAISING AND MOVING THE PITTSBURG OPERA HOUSE: THE STRUCTURE SUPPORTED ON IRON GIDERS AND STEEL ROLLERS READY TO BE PUSHED INTO ITS NEW POSITION BY JACK SCREWS, WORKING HORIZONTALLY.

dollars. Forty-seven men were engaged on the job day and night. Among the other remarkable American feats of house-moving illustrated on this page is that of the Beach Hotel at Coney Island, where locomotives drew



THE PITTSBURG OPERA HOUSE REMOVED: THE STRUCTURE AFTER IT HAD TRAVELLED THE LENGTH OF THE DISMANTLED HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND.

the structure to its new position. The St. Rose Catholic church at Chelsea, Massachusetts, was raised six feet, to permit of the building of a hall beneath. The structure, which is of brick, is about 100 ft. long and 70 ft. wide. To raise the church three hundred and fifty screws were used and about one hundred and seventy-five tons of blocking and steel beams. The Bangor building was first pushed up a steep hill and then run down a slant by gravitation. All these operations were entirely successful.



A 5000-TON BUILDING REMOVED BY LOCOMOTIVES: CHANGING THE POSITION OF THE BEACH HOTEL, CONEY ISLAND.

LADIES' PAGE.

It is quite a noteworthy fact that whenever the subject of women, their rights, powers, duties, faults, virtues, and so on, is mentioned, there is invariably eager and usually excited discussion. In a word, we are a "live topic," as the American Press calls it. The newspaper editor in search of a subject for the silly season and the grave clerical element at the Church Congress are equally aware of the surpassing interest of discussions on women's position. "Why men do not go to church" was the ostensible topic at the recent Church Congress;



A LOVELY COAT OF MOLESKIN AND ERMINE.

but the interest only became acute when it was remarked that it was incongruous to shut the women communicants out from direct representation on the proposed new National Council and from the recently organised Church Councils of the various parishes, seeing that it is proved that they form by far the majority of Church attendants and workers. The professed object of the Councils is to enable the clergy and the laity to combine plans and forces in work. Why, then, are women excluded? Mrs. Philp, of Birmingham, expressed the feeling of many Churchwomen when she said that if the danger was that women would have the whole thing in their hands if they be admitted at all, since they form the majority of communicants, the proper remedy was for men to take a greater share in the Church work. But it seems that the men voters for the new National Church Council are not to be required even to be communicants; while "faithful women," many of whom spend their lives in Church work, are not even to vote for members, far less sit themselves on the Council. As Mrs. Harcourt-Mitchell puts it: "Women of property and intellect, given to good works, and students of Church matters in order to teach others, are not to be allowed the same rights as their farm-boys and the young men in their Bible classes." Mrs. Creighton, widow of the late Bishop of London, quoted the famous text that "there is no male nor female" in religion. But it was all in vain. The Bishop of Wakefield has just boldly declared that "Bible inspiration is not verbal and exact; it is an inspiration not of pens, but of men who stamped their own characters upon their writings; and the books were not necessarily written by the authors whose names they bore; those names have absolutely no authority." But still the dictum about women's silence ascribed to St. Paul writing to the secluded and veiled Greek women of olden days, will be quoted to "the educated Englishwoman of wealth and influence, who pays most of the Church expenses and does most of the Church work to-day," as one indignant lady puts it.

Now that the flowers, even of autumn, are fading, the decoration of the table for dinner becomes rather a difficulty, especially in the country. Autumn leaves and berries are a resource, and a wonderfully picturesque effect can be thereby produced, with the aid of a few chrysanthemums. Such assistance as is given to the dressing of the table by a supply of Clarke's "Cricklite"

lamps, and fairy and pyramid lights, is a great help. I looked over the stock of the pyramid and fairy lights at the depôt, at 132, Regent Street, the other day, and saw many new and charming varieties of the pretty shades and decorative stands on which the lamps can be mounted. Some are quite elaborate arrangements; such as a mirror plateau on which a five-branched cut-glass holder of the tiny patent lights, shaded with red silk, forms the centre ornament, while double-branched lights are set at either end; very pretty cut-glass flower-holders to harmonise came between the sets of lights. Artificial flowers are not to be despised in the famine of real ones, and these are now sold at this place specially to suit the "Cricklite" holders. The Worcester china holders are many of them extremely charming; the ivory china figures and tall vases in particular.

Our autumn social season will be brilliantly inaugurated by the visit of the Italian Sovereign and his consort; for though they will be in London but for a few hours, the proximity of Windsor makes the influence of Court functions felt in London. There is a promise of a bright season this winter, and a smart evening frock becomes necessary. Sequins are back with us in full favour, and are of all hues. A smart Princess-fashioned gown of green and blue paillettes—I say "of" them advisedly, for it was of the coat-of-mail order, showing no net foundation—flashed brilliantly under the electric light; but the tiniest of silver paillettes are equally brilliant, and golden ones are incomparably elegant. A superb gown was of fine net worked all over pretty closely with dull gold sequins, relieved by having a raised scroll-work design in bright gold scattered over the *mat* golden surface; while round the feet was a deep band of guipure heavily encrusted with bright gold sequins. Another lovely gown was of palest blue tulle placed over blue silk, worked at close intervals with wreaths of silver paillettes alternating with wreaths of forget-me-nots—the artificial flowers and the sequins harmonising most happily. Lace, too, is as fashionable as possible. The style of a lace evening toilette is very apt to be early Victorian. The drooping effects on the shoulders, the deep frilled berthe, and the fullness of the flounced skirt, characteristic of the period, all lend themselves particularly well to the use of lace. The sequin robes are often made in Princess fashion, with no break in the line at the waist; the embroideries are arranged in working so as to allow of this construction; still, a pointed bodice is often preferred. Pink, blue, opalescent, and moonlight sequins will sometimes adorn a lace robe, and may be intermixed with ribbon embroideries, the latter either combined in one design with the embroideries of the glittering sequins, or else set in separate medallions or wreaths. Narrow ruchings of ribbon are also with us again, and waved lines of black gauze ribbon ruched were set happily enough on a lemon-yellow Brussels net all bespangled with garnet-coloured sequins.

With such glittering robes, one needs a certain quantity of sparkling jewellery. The Parisian Diamond Company are ready with a lovely new stock to meet the necessity. The charming jewelled pendants hung on a slender gold or platinum chain, which is held up to the throat by a slide, are the latest fashion in ornaments; they are in idea copied from some portrait of Marie Antoinette, but the designs are varied and all most artistic and graceful. The single pear-shaped gem known as a La Vallière is sometimes preferred to depend from the delicate platinum chain, and these in rubies or emeralds are particularly well produced at this house. For a throat that needs a little more decoration there are the deep dog-collars of pearls with diamond slides, or sets of jewelled slides can be had through which a velvet ribbon or a piece of tulle can be passed. All are most beautifully set, and it is really a revelation of how much of the charm of jewellery depends on the art of the designer and the diamond-setter to inspect the stock of these beautifully designed and perfectly mounted artificial gems at 85, New Bond Street, 143, Regent Street, or 37 and 43, Burlington Arcade.

An imposing costume of light cloth trimmed with velvet and sable is the subject of one of our Illustrations. Medallions of lace run round the skirt, beneath which are bands of velvet and a sable edging. Velvet and sable are repeated on the bodice, while the cuffs and yoke are again of the lace. The hat is cloth, with a flight of birds for trimming, and an edging of velvet and fur; and, of course, sable composes the stole. The fashionable moleskin is used to build the long coat on the other figure; it is trimmed with a collar of lace, edged with tabs of ermine. The hat is of white fur, and ermine and a bird decorate it, with a band of lace to lighten the effect.

Birds, as seen in these Illustrations, are a fashionable trimming, all the preachings of sentiment not having availed to check the fashion. The fact is that so long as men kill birds in myriads for food and for sport, it will not be possible to persuade society that it is any worse to kill them for ornament—even when that is done; but a large proportion of the birds seen in

millinery are not slaughtered for that purpose; they are artificially made for decorative purposes out of the plumage of birds used for food. Wings and even quills are, of course, as obnoxious to the objector to the use of birds' plumage as is the whole bird, but are less suggestive of taking life. Ostrich feathers are far more used this season than little birds; but they do not stand our winter climate well.

Ombre effects are very popular in millinery; this is especially the case with ostrich feathers. They are dyed in a whole gamut of tints, and are especially effective in the shades of green and red. The brightest of emerald-green is a colour much affected in the season's chapeaux; and the ostrich plume to trim a vivid green chenille or velvet hat will be all but white at the tip and graduate through half-a-dozen tones to the most brilliant of bright greens at the quill. A round-shaped hat in hairy felt of a strong green shade was shown me this morning that had no other trimming but one fine ombre ostrich plume, fixed on near the centre of the hat at the front by the quill passing under a large round steel ornament, and carried full round the side of the shape; it was shaded cleverly, from vivid green through gradually paling tints, till the tip that fell over the back hair was almost white. Another hat of identical shape and colour had the feather placed the reverse way round the hat; the brim was turned up high over the left ear with a bow of green velvet and a steel buckle, the feather sweeping above this and curling its tip over the front of the brim. Hats are sometimes raised at the left side, so high that the general aspect, when worn properly, is that of the whole thing being almost toppling off to the right. This is a natural reaction from the flat-crowned and straightly placed hats, which are nevertheless still most generally worn by well-dressed women. It is, in fact, a season when all shapes and ways of wearing hats are fashionable: what suits the face and the general style of the wearer is the one thing thought about. The "Henri Deux," with a rather tall and decided crown, and a wide stiff, round brim, either in velvet or beaver (like a man's high hat), trimmed with a panache of not too long plumes, is one of the smartest of new models, but suits only young



A HANDSOME VISITING-DRESS.

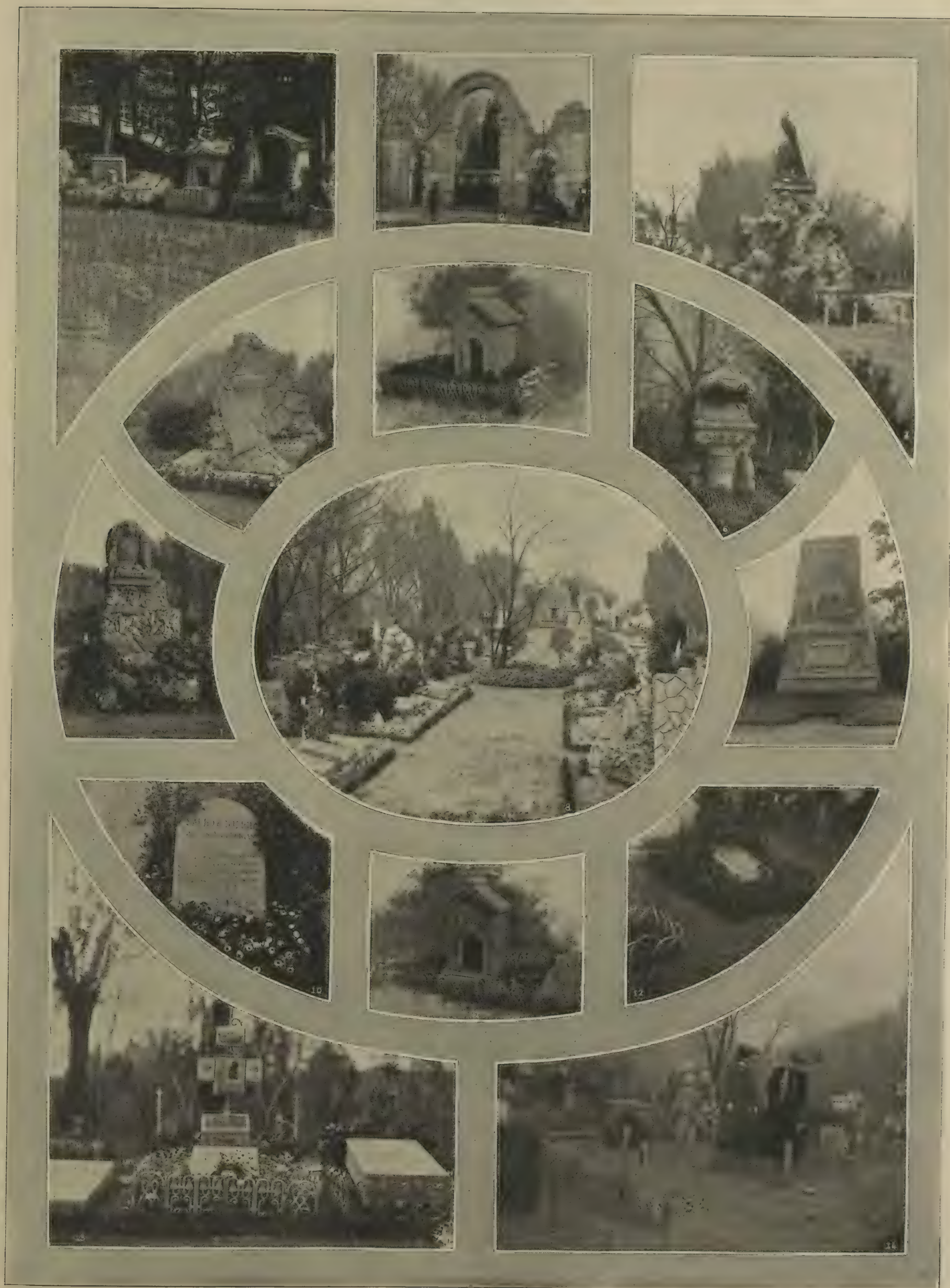
and yet mature faces, and is best on perhaps a rather bold type of wearer.

Buttons are a feature of dress. A variety that look like enlarged gold or steel nail-heads are very much used for studding belts and decorating collars round the edge in particular. Big and little buttons are equally in favour; gold, enamel, coloured silks in the midst of rims of bright gilt or other metal, and an infinite variety of fancy buttons are employed with good effect on tailor gowns. The newest idea is pyrography applied to a button's decoration. It is easy to buy the "moulds," as the shapes of the buttons are called. They are designed to be covered with silk to match the dress, but they can be equally applied to the purpose in hand, and can receive the "poked" design with good effect.

FILOMENA,

THE CULT OF THE DOG: THE PET DOG CEMETERY IN PARIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANTHAM BAIN



1. THE LIMBO OF EXPIRED LEASES: MONUMENTS FORMERLY ON DOGS' GRAVES, THE RIGHTS TO WHICH HAVE LAPSED.
2. ENTRANCE TO THE DOGS' CEMETERY, PARIS.
3. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DOGS' CEMETERY.
4. AN ENGLISH GRAVE: THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF "BOB."
5. "TOO AFFECTIONATE 'TO LIVE': THE EPITAPH ON "BOBY."

6. "THE SOLE FRIEND OF A WANDERING AND DESOLATE LIFE": THE PRINCESSE PIGNATELLI'S INSCRIPTION ON "EMMA."
7. MONUMENT TO THE FOUNDER OF THE CEMETERY, GEORGE HARMOIS.
8. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CEMETERY.
9. A FAMOUS ST. BERNARD: MONUMENT TO "BARRY," WHO SAVED FORTY LIVES AND PERISHED IN THE ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE FORTY-FIRST.

10. THE FRIENDS OF TOLA DORIAN: MONUMENTS TO THE AUTHOR'S DOGS, "SAPHO" AND "DJERID."
11. "HE WAS NOT LARGE, BUT HE HAD GOOD TEETH": THE GRAVE OF "BIJOU," WHO SAVED HIS MISTRESS FROM A CRIMINAL'S ATTACK.
12. THE SENTIMENTAL EPITAPH ON "FOLLETTE."
13. "OUR GOOD AND FAITHFUL 'TOSCA.'"
14. DECORATING THE GRAVES.

The dogs' cemetery is on an island in the Seine, just beyond Clichy and Asnières. It is described in "The World's News."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

VOLTAIRE (AND OTHERS) ON DOCTORS.

We owe so much to the devotion and skill of the medical profession that anything which concerns the relations between doctors and their patients—that is to say, the public—must always possess a deep interest for both sides. Mr. Barrie, in his new play, has thought fit to satirise the physician by his sketch of the local practitioner and the consultant. Various indignant protests have been made against the dramatist's treatment of his theme. It has often been suggested that, in the matter of the consulting physician or surgeon, there is represented a kind of solemn farce when a meeting is held to determine the fate of a patient. Dr. A. it is asserted, always agrees with Dr. B. The treatment of the latter is duly commended by the former, and the patient and his friends, it is contended, are left none the wiser for the additional expense incurred. It is even added by some critics that the errors of one doctor are duly covered and concealed by doctor the second, and so, according to one school of opinion, in the matter of medical consultations the public are unfairly treated.

It should be an easy task to show that all such statements represent sheer nonsense, to put the case very mildly. Let us examine the charges one by one. In the first place, is it true that an eminent man's opinion given in a case, it may be of life or death, is to be regarded as a something which has for its primary aim the concealment of, say, erroneous treatment on the part of the usual attendant? This view can only be upheld on the ground that men who have reached the highest rank in their profession, and whose knowledge and skill are at the service of high and low alike, would subordinate their clear duty to a patient in order to shield the reputation of a brother in the profession. Have the critics never heard of treatment being changed and altered on the suggestion of a second opinion? Also, are we not all anxious, our own doctor included, to obtain another opinion and fiat regarding the fate of anybody who is near and dear to us? To adopt the views of such critics as we are discussing would be tantamount to the assumptions, first, that we pay for an opinion we regard as really not needful; and, secondly, that such opinion is certain to be modified out of consideration for one's own doctor and his feelings.

These are literally monstrous assumptions, and carry their own refutation with them. Let us suppose that a patient is being improperly or erroneously treated. We cannot have absolute certainty in any science short of the mathematical branches, and in a department of inquiry dealing with the complex history of human life and its ailments, least of all can we expect that the diagnosis of every ailment can be a matter of exact accuracy. If, then, we do suppose that a change of treatment is desirable, such a course is readily arrived at. It is not necessary that the senior physician should blazon forth the error of his colleague. To do so would not only be a direct act of unkindness, but would seriously injure, and that unjustly (for an error of judgment), the reputation of probably a skilful and estimable practitioner. A change of treatment is recommended, and the difficulty is overcome. What the critics of the doctors see to complain of in such an action, one may well be puzzled to discover. They grumble if the consultant approves of the treatment, and they are equally critical when he sees need to recommend a change.

The crass ignorance which still exists, and which in part causes us to view disease as a something to be driven out of the body by drugs, presents us with another reason why the doctor's work is often unappreciated and undervalued. A friend of mine gave me an excellent illustration the other day of the belief just stated. He is in practice in a mining district. One day a stalwart collier consulted him with reference to an attack of indigestion. My friend gave him the necessary advice regarding his foods and drinks, and supplemented his remarks by a little useful lecture on the necessity for care of his health in other respects. After he had finished, he found his patient still waiting. "What more do you want?" asked the doctor. "Me?" replied the man; "I'm waiting for my bottle!"

That is the public notion of disease-treatment and the doctor's work exactly described. People all want their "bottle." Unless the doctor doses them, they regard him as an unreliable adviser, and look on his advice as useless unless it is supplemented by drugs. It is only on some such theory of things that one can account for the pill-maker dying worth his million. Voltaire's definition of medicine as the art of pouring drugs, of which doctors knew little, into frames of which they knew less, may have been true of the systems and men of his day, but it assuredly applies with great exactitude to the present-day public practice of paying for and swallowing drugs whereof they know not anything, on the specious recommendation of the vendors.

It may be urged that doctors need no defenders, and that the sensible portion of humanity fully recognises the skill, unselfishness, and often unrewarded devotion of the doctor to his patients. This may be true; but one at the same time might inquire why periodically the medical profession should be attacked, not only in literature, but even on the stage. The profession of medicine boasts of heroes who face dangers every day far more subtle in nature than are represented by shot and shell. I was recently asked by an editor to express my opinion regarding the bravest deed I knew of. Without hesitation I quoted the act of the doctor in sucking a tube inserted in the throat of a child stricken with diphtheria to clear it, thus running the risk of infection. Doctors have died after performing this act, one of the deepest self-sacrifice, seeing literally the medical man in such a case exhibits that greatest love which lays down life for a friend.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

MRS. W. J. BAIRD (South Devon).—We can only guess the nature of the competition you mention, and therefore cannot give it a paragraph; but we congratulate you on the high position you evidently gain.

SHADFORTH AND OTHERS.—The point of the problem is the maximum number of flight squares given to the Black King.

MRS. WILSON AND MANY OTHERS.—P takes Kt, becoming Kt, will not solve No. 3103.

G. BAKKER (Rotterdam).—Thanks for problem, but the solution is too violent for a modern problem. You are incorrect in your solution of No. 3103.

H. G. COOPER (West Ham).—We agree that the problem is very good indeed, but we are obliged to consider style, and we find, as a matter of experience, that solvers will not look at a crowded diagram.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3100 received from Marco Salem (Bologna) and C. Field Junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3101 from H. S. Brandreth (Nice); of No. 3102 from W. M. Eglington (Birmingham), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), C. E. Perugini, A. G. (Pancsova), Clement C. Danby, Fire Plug, H. S. Brandreth (Nice), and F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells).

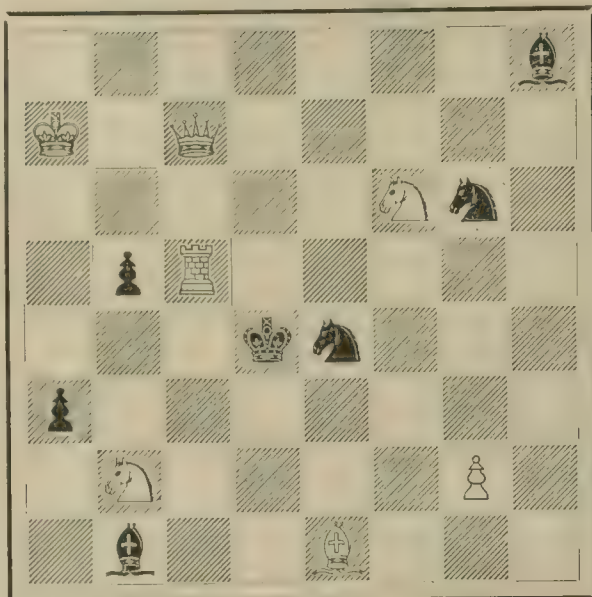
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3103 received from Joseph Cook, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Sorrento, E. Combe (Lausanne), F. J. S. (Hampstead), T. Roberts, Reginald Gordon, J. W. (Campsie), F. R. Vincent (Brighton), R. Worters (Canterbury), Martin F. Shadforth, Thomas H. Knight (Greenwich), Charles Burnett, G. Bishop (Liverpool), F. R. Pickering, Albert Wolff (Putney), Fire Plug, and F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3102.—BY HERBERT A. SALWAY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to R 6th K to Q 5th
2. Q to B 3rd (ch) K takes Q or moves
3. Kt mates.
If Black play 1. P to B 4th, 2. B takes P (ch); if 1. P to K B 6th, 2. Q to B 5th (ch), and Kt mates next move; if 1. Any other, then B takes P (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3105.—BY A. W. MONGREDIEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the Metropolitan Chess Club between Messrs. F. C. FIEBE and C. J. CORNWALL.

(Hungarian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. B to K sq	Kt to Kt 6th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	23. Kt to Q 4th	P to K 7th
3. B to B 4th	B to K 2nd	Some strengthening of the attacking forces was here advisable. Black has a won position, but in face of the defensive pieces it requires cautious handling.	
4. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	24. Q to B sq	Kt to B 8th (ch)
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	25. K to R sq	Q to R 4th
6. B to K 3rd	Castles	A miscalculation which ought to have lost.	
7. P to K R 3rd		26. Kt takes P	B takes P
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to Q R 4th	27. R takes Kt	R to B 4th
9. B to Kt 3rd	Kt takes B	28. Kt takes P	B takes P (dbl. ch.)
10. Kt takes Kt	Q to B 2nd	29. K takes B	R to Kt 4th (ch)
11. Castles	P to Q 4th	30. B to Kt 3rd	
12. Q to B 2nd	Kt to R 4th	K to B 2nd would leave Black no resource.	
13. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th	31. Kt to K 2nd	Q to R 5th
14. K P takes Q P	P to K 5th	Here Q to K sq again afforded a chance of saving the game at the cost of one of the two pieces. White is ahead. Black finishes vigorously enough.	
15. Kt to K 5th	P to B 5th	32. K to R 2nd	R to K sq
16. B to Q 2nd	P takes P	33. K to K sq	R takes B
Black has now by some skilful Pawn play established a very strong centre.		34. K takes R	R takes Kt (ch)
17. K to R 2nd	B to Q 3rd	35. K to Q sq	Q to Q B 5th
18. Q to K sq	P to K Kt 3rd	White resigns.	
19. R to K Kt sq	B takes Kt		
20. P takes B	Q takes P		
21. P to B 3rd	P to K 6th		

CHESS IN HOLLAND.

Game played between Messrs. LEUSSEN and TRIMBORN.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. B to B 4th	B to B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. B to B 4th	Castles
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	13. B takes P	Kt to K sq
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	14. Kt to K 3rd	Kt takes P
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd	A pretty sacrifice which leads to some charming complications.	
6. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B	15. Kt to R 3rd	R takes Kt
7. P to Q 4th	Kt takes P	16. Q takes R	Q to B 5th
8. Q to K 2nd	B to B 4th	17. Q to B 3rd	
9. P takes P	P takes P	A mistake which loses at once. Q to K 2nd would at least have secured a draw.	
10. Kt takes P	Q to Q 4th	17. Q takes P	B to K Kt 5th
11. Kt to B 4th		18. Q takes P	Kt to Q 8 (dis. ch)
Kt to Q 3rd looks safer. Black is rapidly developing a threatening position which needs attention.		White resigns.	

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WOMEN IN POLITICS.

Long after the fiscal question has ceased to trouble us, it will still be a tradition in Leamington, we imagine, how Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton fought an election for her husband when he lay on a bed of sickness. Retired men of war, who lead a life of contemplative ease in that pleasant town, are said to have relaxed the prejudice against meddlesome petticoats when they listened to Mrs. Lyttelton's oratory. She spoke often, but always briefly and to the point; and it is darkly hinted by Opposition journals that if the Colonial Secretary had not been laid up, he would not have saved his seat. It seems to be natural to our democracy that the candidate's wife should help him in his electioneering. If she does not speak, she sits on the platform and smiles. She carries the smile through the canvass, and it is often more dreaded by opponents than her husband's speeches. Human nature, in its most accessible mood, is conspicuous in contested elections, and invites the exercise of feminine persuasion. Oddly enough, this has often given offence to American observers, who have condemned our custom of exposing women to the risks of a scrimmage at election meetings. In America it is not usual for a political gathering to be disturbed by the other side. Ladies attend the party conventions to grace the general harmony, and contribute a melodious soprano to the deep bass roar of acclamation. But to the sum of platform eloquence they contribute a good deal more than Englishwomen; and when they happen to be advocates of temperance, they have shown a readiness to smash the windows of drinking-saloons at considerably greater risk than is incurred in the mild encounters of our party politics. The Primrose League is believed to exercise considerable influence; but this pales before the authority of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which summoned President Roosevelt to take down certain obnoxious paintings from the walls of the White House. The meek surrender of that fighting man is a matter of history. He guessed, no doubt, that if he refused, the W. C. T. U. would call upon him in great numbers.

The intervention of women in politics is no modern idea. Man did not talk about his supremacy in the days of Semiramis. An American woman, who lately deplored the servitude of her sex, hinted that the human race had made no progress since the word of that dread monarch was law. Greek statesmen listened respectfully to Aspasia when they were not making love to her. Our own Boadicea was a bit of a termagant, but she had an inspiring tongue. Elizabeth and Catherine had no masters in statecraft. The Pompadour and the Maintenon may have done little good to France, but the harm they did was on a considerable scale. Nobody ever frightened Napoleon except Madame de Staël. It was not Fox who won the Westminster election, but Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Attempts have been made to disprove the story that this Aphrodite of electioneering kissed a butcher, but it remains one of the most precious traditions of our political history. There is no such kissing now, which is surprising, for it would be a most effectual form of bribery, and could not be brought within the scope of any Corrupt Practices Act. More sedate wiles are cultivated with zeal. Few of our public speakers have the skill and persuasive force of Mrs. Fawcett and Lady Henry Somerset. Mrs. Fawcett would be an acquisition to the House of Commons if only for her rare capacity of stating a case without wandering from the point. The average M.P., even when he knows what the point is, can seldom keep to it, or frame a sentence with either strength or grace. Mrs. Fawcett's felicity of speech was scarcely shared by Margaret, Lady Sandhurst, whose imposing figure used to dominate the election-platform years ago. She had a voice of great depth and solemnity, but little variety of appeal. It was her firm conviction that her side in politics represented the forces of religion battling with the powers of darkness. At a meeting which was disturbed by frivolous minions of the enemy, the voice of Margaret, Lady Sandhurst, suddenly reduced them to stupefaction by proclaiming this message: "The principles of the Liberal party come straight from the Bible." About that time the late Archbishop Magee caused some commotion by an article in which he maintained that the State could not be administered in accordance with the precepts of primitive Christianity. This was mentioned by somebody at a crowded dinner-table, whereupon the awe-striking accents of Margaret, Lady Sandhurst, broke in: "I do not agree with old Magee!" And the subject collapsed.

Will politics ever be a profession for women? This raises the delicate question of the suffrage, which has been in abeyance of late years. The conditions have not been favourable to its advancement in European countries. When a man is a candidate for Parliament, he is glad to avail himself of the services of clever women, but persists in regarding them with a humorous indulgence. He may be ready enough to admit that women make excellent members of education committees; but he smiles at the suggestion that they would serve equally well on Parliamentary Committees. They may help in the administration of the laws, but in making them—good heavens! It is not a very logical position, and that most women acquiesce in it might be taken as a proof that they are deficient in logic if there were much reason to believe that men shine in that faculty. Perhaps Mrs. Lyttelton's successful experience will set her upon the conversion of the Colonial Secretary to another view. He has before him the example of New Zealand, where women are not content to be simply helpmeets for men in political work. They have the suffrage, and so far this has not caused any momentous dissension between feminine opinion and the rights of man. We have no analysis which enables us to tell whether the New Zealand ladies use the franchise with independent judgment or in deference to the views of their nearest and dearest of the other sex. Here is probably the last desperate argument of the obstructive. Why add to a man's vote the votes of his womankind?

WOMEN IN POLITICS: MRS. LYTTELTON AIDING HER HUSBAND AT LEAMINGTON.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE WARWICK AND LEAMINGTON ELECTION.



1. MRS. LYTTELTON ADDRESSING A MEETING AT LEAMINGTON DURING HER HUSBAND'S ILLNESS.

2. THE RESULT OF THE POLL: THE MAYOR OF WARWICK MAKING THE ANNOUNCEMENT AT WARWICK TOWN HALL.

3. AFTER THE VICTORY: MR. ALFRED LYTTELTON ADDRESSING HIS SUPPORTERS AT THE CONSERVATIVE WORKING MEN'S CLUB, LEAMINGTON.

The Right Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, on accepting office as Colonial Secretary, was opposed for Warwick and Leamington by Mr. Berridge. In the earlier stages of the election Mr. Lyttelton was ill, but his wife proved a most able advocate of his cause, and materially furthered his victory.

[SEE ARTICLE ON CHESS PAGE.]

ART NOTES.

At Messrs. Obach's Gallery, New Bond Street, a representative collection of the late Mr. Whistler's etchings comprises examples of some of the earlier plates as well as the later, the famous Venice and London series, and a multitude of separate plates. It may be said, indeed, that all are famous, for of Whistler's mastery of the etching point there is but one opinion. He brought to rare perfection the modern art of selective etching, in which he had several rivals in France, but hardly an equal. To suggest a scene—street-side or lagoon, or old bridge with a movement of the crowd upon it—by deftly detaching the outline of a few essential things, was, broadly speaking, all his art. Having the eye to see the beauty of the important forms, and the judgment to waive the unimportant, Whistler had also the sure hand of a thorough draughtsman. In his scheme of art he stood somewhere between Europe and Japan; from Japan he learnt what may be called the art of fewness, but he was frankly the heir to the whole European tradition of pictorial art, and in the purely linear art of etching he kept that which he would have professed to repudiate as banal—a sense of the "picturesque" itself. It is impossible to be really very Japanese with the etching point; the Japanese line has vitality, but it has not the sensitiveness which the line on copper alone displays. In his view of European buildings—of Venetian churches across calm water, for example—Whistler was perfectly European, and so he was in drawing and in engraving his delicate work. Engraving, we must bear in mind, is the right name for the etcher's art. It is an art of high intelligence, and also a handicraft in which hazard and the "behaviour" (as the chemist calls it) of material things bear an effectual part. When the art is high and fine enough, the association with mere processes is exceedingly valuable and interesting. So it was in the case of this master-etcher.

Among all Whistler's works in linear art the admirer who is not a collector, and to whom rarity is not all-important, may have first favourites; and among these are the early "Liverdun," "Street at Saverne," and "Kitchen," and the whole series of "Venice" and "London." In the early examples there is less easy detachment from all detail, but there is a freshness of interest in the beauty of natural fact which has very delightful expression. They are done rather under the influence of France than under that of Japan. In the later work the beauty of Venice is



MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN AT NEWCASTLE.

The accompanying photograph was taken during the ex-Colonial Secretary's visit to Newcastle. To his wife Mr. Chamberlain has recently acknowledged his indebtedness for help in his political work.

rendered with peculiar appropriateness. There is an obvious analogy between the space of unrippled waters and the delightful tone of an etching, and the thin line marking a dome against the sky is just such a line as rightly indicates the distant architecture. Whistler's skies, however, are seldom as fine or as deeply studied as those of the French masters.

The Felix Art Club, which holds an exhibition in the Hall of the Alpine Club in Mill Street, W., introduces us to some agreeable work, among which precedence must be accorded to Mr. A. McPattison's "Bar Barber and Billiards," his "Le Jardin du Luxembourg," his "Le Pont Neuf," and his "Barnmaid." Other exhibitors of merit are Miss L. Cooper, Miss Whateley, Mr. E. Phillips Fox, and Miss Alwood.

To the exhibition of the London Sketch Club, held at the Doré Gallery, Mr. Frederick Sandys sends two contributions; and at Mr. John Baillie's Gallery in Prince's Terrace, the attractions include some refined work of his own, and also some vigorous sketches and portraits by Miss Joel, a New Zealander, whose work has had, what it deserved, a welcome to the walls of the Salon during the last two or three seasons.


At the Gallery of the British Artists the average of the pictures exhibited is, in the nature of the case, something less than satisfactory. The most exhilarating thing the visitor can do is to pick out for himself a small bouquet of canvases of quality, such as those contributed by Mr. Graham Robertson, Mr. Sydney Lee, Mr. Laidley, Mr. Bunny, Mr. Dewhurst, Mr. Paul, and Mr. Foottet. The artist last named comes at the close of the procession as the most, not as the least, important member of it. His application of familiar French traditions and methods to the presentation of the Foreign and India Office, as seen from St. James's Park, is particularly interesting—more interesting than successful even; for somehow the French method demands the French atmosphere; and, despite Mr. Foottet's literalness, we seem to get public buildings of Paris rather than public buildings of London upon his canvas. Mr. Bunny has that rare gift—vitality; but how far he is going to put it to excellent purpose we cannot even yet be quite aware.

To the portraits already announced as in preparation for next season's shows may be added two upon which Mr. Cope is at work—those of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Colville of Culross. W. M.

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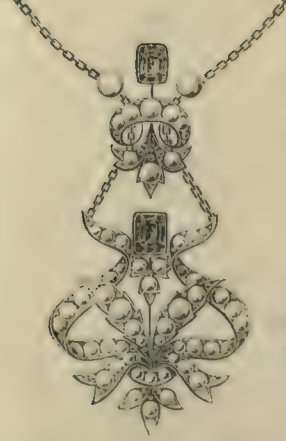


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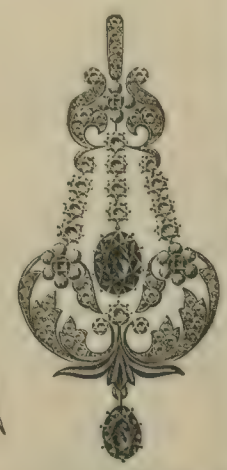
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Fine Pearl Horseshoe Pin, £1 1s.




Fine Diamond, Enamel, and Green Tourmaline Pendant, with Ruby Drop, £40.




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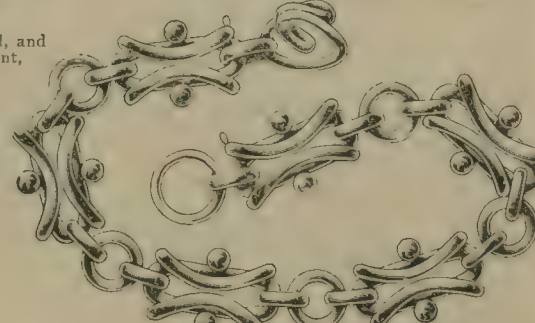
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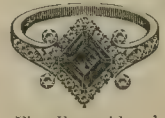
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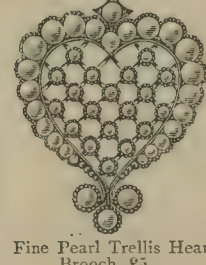


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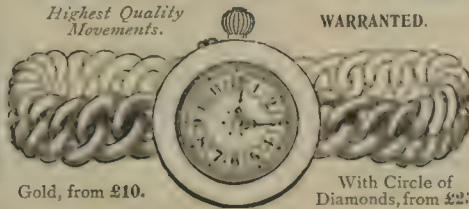
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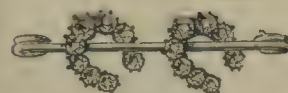
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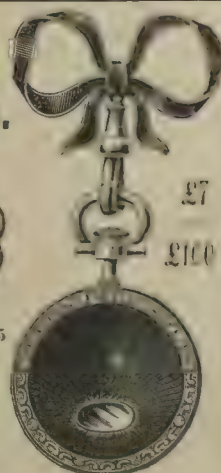
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Rochester has been compelled to take a rest during the last few days, owing to a local affection in the leg, which has caused him much trouble. It is hoped that the necessity for an operation will now be avoided. Great sympathy is felt for the Bishop in his illness, as he has devoted himself with untiring energy to the work of his crowded and poor diocese.

The Rev. J. W. Adams, V.C., who died last week at Ashwell Rectory, Oakham, distinguished himself in Lord Roberts' Afghan campaign of 1879, and for his conspicuous gallantry was decorated with the Victoria Cross. He also earned the Afghan medal, with four clasps, and other decorations. Londoners had occasional opportunities of hearing Mr. Adams at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. He wore his various medals



Photo. Lavis.

THE OLD BEACHY HEAD LIGHTHOUSE, NOW DISUSED.

The old lighthouse was built upon the cliff itself, and has now been superseded by a structure placed on a sunken rock, some distance seaward from the famous headland.

and clasps fastened to his surplice. He was a man of fine appearance, and a decidedly able preacher.

The *Manchester Guardian* published in full the farewell address given by Bishop Moorhouse to the Churchmen of his diocese. The address was delivered at the yearly Conference of clergy and laity, which is held in one of the Courts of Assize. The Bishop's words were listened to with profound attention, and at the close loud cheers rang through the building. Earl Egerton of

Tatton and Dean Maclure spoke with earnest appreciation of the Bishop's work, and a resolution expressing regret and gratitude was carried with acclamation.

Melbourne Churchmen are hoping that Bishop Moorhouse may pay a visit to his old diocese if he has strength sufficient to endure the fatigue of the long voyage. Australia would greatly prize a visit. All Saints' Day is to be made a kind of Moorhouse festival in Victoria, when thanksgivings will be offered for what the Bishop did for the Church in the colony.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's long illness ended on Thursday, Oct. 22. Since the death of her famous husband she had lived very quietly at Westwood, Upper Norwood, employing herself with the business of the Book Fund, which was established by her more than thirty years ago. Some of the happiest days of Mrs. Spurgeon's life were spent at Clapham, where Ruskin was an occasional visitor. The family home in Nightingale Lane had a spacious garden, and there Mr. Spurgeon used to entertain the students of the Pastors' College and the workers of the Tabernacle. The Westwood house stands in its own grounds, and of late years Mrs. Spurgeon has seldom ventured beyond her garden.

The Archbishop of York, who has not been very well lately, has been medically advised to abandon some of his public engagements during the next few weeks.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is taking an active interest in Temperance reform. Speaking at a Temperance meeting in his Cathedral City last week, he said the drink curse was the thing that most hindered the progress of our English manhood. The mischief wrought was worse even than that of gambling. Individual effort, in the Archbishop's opinion, is the strongest and grandest thing in the movement.

The Bishop of Sheffield, Dr. Quirk, has been making a strong appeal on behalf of parochial visiting. He has no sympathy whatever with the parson who waits to be sent for or who only visits the sick. He firmly believes in the old saying, "A house-going parson makes a church-going people." The Bishop also referred with deep regret to the fact brought out by the recent Census that 20,000 more men attend the chapels than the churches.

The men's service at St. James-the-Less, Bethnal Green, is steadily increasing in numbers. On the nineteenth Sunday after Trinity more than a thousand men assembled to hear the Chaplain-General, Bishop Taylor Smith. Mr. Watts Ditchfield, the very successful Vicar, has also started a women's service on similar lines to the men's. It is held on Monday evenings, and the regular attendance is over seven hundred.

Now that the electric light is used in so many churches, I should like to protest against the custom of switching it off before the sermon. On a recent Sunday at the King's Weigh House, where Dr. Hunter preaches, the congregation sat throughout the sermon

in a deep, murky gloom, relieved only by the golden light from four lamps in the chancel, which did not sufficiently illumine the preacher's face. Dr. Hunter must perforce have enjoyed the comfort of Martin Luther's sensation that the people before him were only rows of wooden blocks. The electric light is expensive, but in London a darkened church on a gloomy morning would tempt to slumber if a Chrysostom were in the pulpit.

V.

Preparatory to once more extending their premises in Hampstead Road, Messrs. Oetzmann and Co. are



Photo. Lavis.

THE NEW BEACHY HEAD LIGHTHOUSE, NOW AT WORK.

The material for the structure was carried down from the cliff by travelling-crane, and the great wire rope on which it ran was during the progress of the operations one of the sights of the neighbourhood.

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MUSIC.

The autumn season of music may be fairly said to have begun when the Saturday Popular Concerts have given their first performance at the St. James's Hall. The initial one on Saturday, Oct. 24, was very well attended, and Professor Kruse, who is again responsible for this series of concerts, has a most attractive programme, promising many novelties. On Saturday the items

Dulong, who was to have sung in some vocal duets, was suddenly taken ill, but Miss Parkins sang very charmingly an aria from Charpentier's "Louise" and in Dell'Acqua's "Vilanelle." Mr. Bird accompanied.

Mr. Henry Wood is one of our most hard-working musicians. He is now adding to the overwhelming work as a conductor of innumerable concerts the organising and forming of a choir. A preliminary meeting took

the works of the great choral composers with reverence and attention to beautiful musical tone, perfect diction, phrasing, intonation, attack, and a hundred other little details which go towards a fine choral performance."

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, at the St. James's Hall, Miss Polyxena Fletcher and M. Jean Gerardy gave a delightful concert. Miss Fletcher played brilliantly and with understanding selections from Brahms. She has



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The golfing members of the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch have now a further incentive to fine play in the silver cup (by Messrs. Mappin and Webb), figured above.

for performance were already familiar to the audience, Mozart's string quartet in B flat minor and the piano-forte quintet of Schumann being given. The instrumentalists were Professor Johann Kruse, Mr. Haydn Inwards, Mr. Alfred Hobday, and Mr. Percy Such. M. Vladimir de Pachmann played the pianoforte part in the quintet, and gave with his customary charm and delicacy of touch several excerpts from Chopin. Frau



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For His Highness the Khedive Messrs. Drew and Sons, of Piccadilly Circus, have just finished a very handsome dressing-case. The outside is in finely polished hogskin, with a lining of rich royal red morocco. The fittings, including the bottles, are all in hammered silver, and bear the crown and monogram, both of which are finely inlaid.

place at the Salle Erard, and Mr. Wood spoke long and earnestly on his aims and desires for the new society. Great results may be expected, for Mr. Wood has evidently a genius for construction and organisation and a personal magnetism. "It is not formed," he said, "for merely social, lazy amateurs' weekly chat, and music thrown in, but for definite hard study for members who are determined to improve their vocal abilities, to do and to interpret

undeniable gifts of execution and of interpretation, but was heard to far greater advantage in Brahms than in Chopin. M. Jean Gerardy has improved and risen to greater heights, though before he was an artist of infinite capabilities. He is one of the very best violoncellists we hear in England. These musicians were heard at their best in the Sonata in C minor of Saint-Saëns.

M. I. H.

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ELIZABETH: Why?

VISITOR: It's cheerful, isn't it, to have one's husband remark when taking soup, "I wonder how Mrs. Wilson made that soup the other night?" And again over the entrée, "Mrs. Wilson's sauces and gravies are just like those in the best restaurants." He never says things like that about mine.

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VISITOR: All! Why, it's all the difference in the world. Do you really mean that if I use LEMCO mine will be as good as yours?

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THE FATE OF MOROCCO.

The question of Morocco is in way of being settled at last, on lines that will hardly appeal to the small section of the British public that understands the Imperial and commercial value of that unhappy country. After years of patient manœuvring and diplomatic spade-work, our neighbours across the Channel are about to score a bloodless victory, or, in any event, a victory demanding no price in European blood. It is unfortunately only too evident that this country is agreeing to recognise France as the paramount power in Morocco, consenting in principle to the extension of the French Empire beyond the Atlas Mountains that should mark the extreme limit of any French advance. In return for this concession, there are promises relating to Tangier and an assurance of free ports and the open door. To be sure, Algeria, Tunisia, and Madagascar cry aloud to our statesmen of similar pledges that were broken without apology or explanation; but this is the hour of the *entente cordiale* and of an Arbitration Treaty that relates apparently to none of the great problems between the high contracting parties, so the voice of experience is smothered.

I turn to "The Memoirs of Sir John Drummond Hay," our last great Minister in Morocco, and read a letter written nearly twenty years ago. Here are a few lines from it.

Should France annex or establish a protectorate over Morocco, the port of Tangier might be made a safe and well-fortified harbour for torpedo vessels, and other harbours could be formed to the eastward between Tangier and Ceuta. France and Spain would probably be allied in case of war, and our shipping would only pass by running the gauntlet. Gibraltar must fall or come to be of little value as a harbour of refuge. . . . I know no acts of the French Government or its representative in this country which have been beneficial to the cause of civilisation or introduced any reform or improvement in Morocco, and I defy any Frenchman to state them.

The words our veteran Ambassador wrote then are true now; his case is made stronger because the world's markets are being rapidly exhausted, and the last two

decades have seen Africa opened up on all sides; but although we hold one-third of all Moorish trade, and but for unfair competition could hold a still larger share; the British commercial position is in danger of being sacrificed by British Ministers.

Now the cool weather has set in, and the sparsely cultivated land between the French outposts and the Atlas Mountains is fit for a campaign, the French forces will proceed carefully upon the road that leads to Abum and the oases of Tafilalt; this French railway will be carried on from Beni-Ounif. France has control of the only means of communication between her forces and Europe, and can send over such versions of events as serve her political purposes. In Western Morocco, between the Atlas and the Atlantic, she has strengthened her grip by means of the loans made to the Sultan since Bu Hamara's rising, all secured upon custom-house dues and repayable in two years. At the same time, by refusing to agree to the fiscal reforms introduced by the Sultan in accordance with the advice of Great Britain and Germany, France keeps the Moorish administration from gathering revenue to repay the loans.

Very late in the day British merchants are waking to the dangers that beset them. Already two meetings have been held, one in Manchester and the other in London, to discuss the situation and memorialise the Foreign Office. Although the meetings were not advertised, and were attended only by the representatives of houses trading with Morocco, the French Consular authorities in England knew that they were to be held, and went so far as to apply for admission. The application was courteously refused, but it must serve to show how closely the British attitude to the negotiations is being calculated in France. At this moment the French Government is showing, in several ways that may not be set down in this place, a nervous anxiety to avoid the raising of the Moorish question in the British Press. Happily for their designs, Parliament is not sitting, and in the turmoil of the Near and Far East, France hopes to get into Morocco as George III. is said by Byron

in his "Vision of Judgment" to have secured entry into Heaven.

It is said in certain well-informed quarters that Great Britain may be allowed to take Tangier as her share, when France advances by way of Lalla Maghnia and Oujda to Fez, over the road that has been so carefully prepared. This concession is likely just so far as it is valueless. Tangier could only be ours on the condition that it should remain unfortified, and then in war-time it would be untenable. The other Mediterranean Powers would resent our presence there; in fact, Germany objects to all the schemes of partition, and prefers to see the *status quo* maintained. It is whispered that German opposition is a brake to the wheels of our neighbour's progress, and if this be true it is to be hoped that the brake will be effective until Parliament meets, when questions will be asked in the House; and if our Imperial and commercial interests are being sacrificed the Government will have to explain why. If, on the other hand, there have been assurances from France, no respect for the *entente cordiale* can keep business men from seeking to know why pledges that have been broken three times should be presented for serious acceptance on a fourth occasion.

So far as it is able, our Foreign Office seems to be encouraging the French in their aim at a protectorate over Morocco. Several times this year Lord Lansdowne has been approached by men of considerable influence and high position prepared to take steps that would greatly improve the British position in the north-west corner of Africa. To all their suggestions the Foreign Secretary has turned a deaf ear. Either he does not understand the seriousness of the position, or some change in Great Britain's attitude towards Morocco, as set out by King Edward to Kaid Menhebi, is on the tapis. It is devoutly to be hoped that in this matter the Foreign Minister is not resolved upon something that shall make the War Office blunders fade into insignificance.

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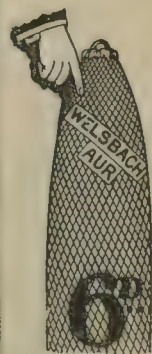
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 11, 1897) of Mr. Frederick Arthur Gerwyn Jones, J.P., of Pantglas, Carmarthen, who died on Sept. 20, has been proved by Colonel Herbert Davies Evans, the brother-in-law, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £128,769. The testator bequeaths all arrears of rent to the person who shall succeed to his settled property; £250 to his executor; £500 to his servant, Thomas Anness; and £200 and the harness and stable furniture to his coachman, Edward Tyler. The residue of his property he settles on his sister, Mrs. Mary Eleanor Margaret Geraldine Evans, for life, with remainder to her son, Herbert Davies Evans, with remainder over to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1901), with a codicil (dated July 3, 1902), of Mr. Edward James Taylor, of 35, Carlyle Square, and The Distillery, King's Road, Chelsea, who died on Sept. 20, was proved on Oct. 16 by Humphrey Richardson Taylor, the son, Albert Christie, and James Lacey-Reynolds, the executors, the value of the estate being £102,282. The testator gives an annuity of £150 to his cousin, Urania Agnes

Christie; £250 to Lottie Mapplestone if in his employ at the date of his death; and £150 each to Albert Christie and James Lacey-Reynolds. The residue of his property he leaves to his son absolutely.

The will (dated March 26, 1881) of Mr. Walter Dunlop, J.P., of The Grange, Bingley, Yorkshire, who died on July 18, was proved on Oct. 15 by Charles Walter Dunlop, the cousin, and Robert Macmillan Dunlop, the nephew, the surviving executors, the value of the real and personal estate being £72,576. Subject to the gift of £100 each to his executors, the testator leaves all his property, as to one third to the children of his deceased brother John Macmillan Dunlop, one third to his nephew and niece Thomas and Katherine Hastings, and one third, in trust, for his sister Margaret McKie and her children.

The will (dated April 13, 1899) of Mr. Percy George Shadbolt, of Harefield, Middlesex, was proved on Oct. 16 by Mrs. Florence Mitford Shadbolt, the widow, and Leslie Garnett Shadbolt, the son, the value of the estate being £50,870. The testator bequeaths to his wife the furniture and similar effects, and the income from one third of his property during her life or widowhood. Subject thereto

he leaves all his estate and effects to his children on their attaining twenty-one years of age.

The will (dated June 14, 1899), with a codicil (dated Aug. 27, 1903), of Mr. Cecil Dunn Gardner, of 20, Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington, who died on Sept. 7, was proved on Oct. 16 by Mrs. Emma Dunn Gardner, the widow, and the Rev. James Slade Foster Chamberlain, the executors, the value of the property amounting to £45,160. The testator gives £300, and during her widowhood the use of the household effects and an annuity of £500, or £100 per annum should she again marry, to his wife; £10,000, on various trusts, for his son Francis Cyril; £7000 to his daughter Violet Emma; £6000 to his daughter Maud Mary Rosa; £2000 to his daughter Mrs. Flora Alice Holloway, who is already provided for; and certain articles of furniture to his daughter Lucy, Countess of Scarborough; and legacies to servants. The residue of his estate he leaves to his eldest son, Robert Cecil.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1896) of Major-General John Spurway, R.A., of 21, Wilton Street, S.W., and the Manor House, Oakford, Devon, who died on Sept. 5, was proved on Oct. 19 by Miss Christian Aimée Spurway

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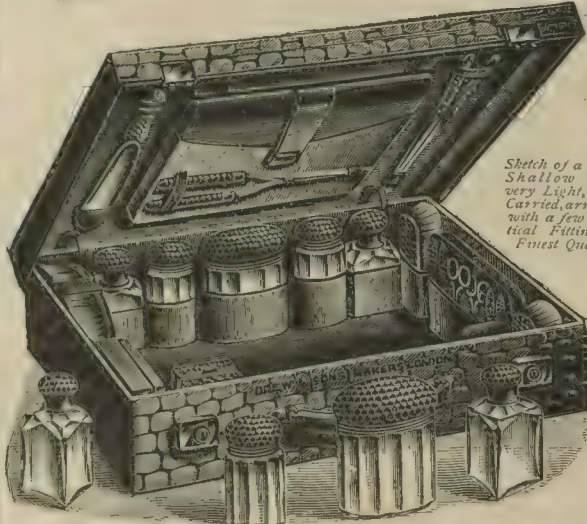
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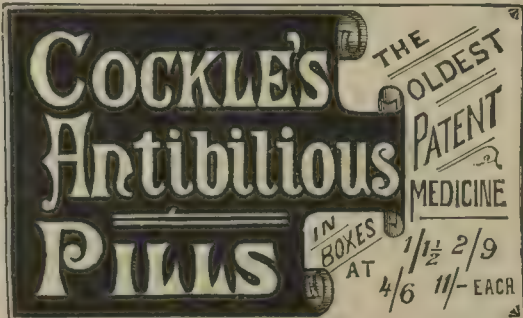
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and Miss Caroline Ethel Spurway, the daughters, the value of the estate being £45,157. The testator leaves all his property to his two daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 7, 1898) of Mr. George Alexander Dick, of 41, Lee Road, Blackheath, and 110, Cannon Street, who died on Sept. 18, was proved on Oct. 14 by Mrs. Ada Ursula Mary Dick, the widow, Charles James Adolph Dick, the brother, and George Henry Funck, the executors, the value of the property amounting to £37,879. The testator bequeaths £200 and the household furniture to his wife; and £200 each to his other executors. The residue of his property is to be held in trust for Mrs. Dick during her widowhood, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 14, 1900), with three codicils (dated May 24, 1900; May 13, 1902; and June 23, 1903), of Dr. Charles Hathaway, of 11, Edward Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Aug. 29, was proved on Oct. 15 by Mrs. Mary Cecilia Hathaway, the widow, and the Rev. Egerton John Hensley, the son-in-law, the value of the estate being £31,186. The testator gives £2500 Indian Railway Stock and £2000 Egyptian Bonds, in trust, for his son; £100, the

furniture and domestic effects, and his house in Alfred Road, Brighton, to his wife; £3000 Egyptian Bonds, in trust, for his daughter Ethel Lawrence; and £50 to the Rev. E. J. Hensley. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, to pay the income to Mrs. Hathaway for life, and then as to one fourth for his son and the remaining three fourths to his daughters Amy Florence, Mary Kathleen, and Ethel Lawrence.

The will (dated Aug. 29, 1899) of Mr. William Manning Allport, of 26, Campden Hill Court, Kensington, who died on Sept. 7, was proved on Oct. 12 by Mrs. Margaretha Florence Allport, the widow, Herbert Rowland Allport, the brother, Denison William Allport and Thomas Rowland Allport, the executors, the value of the estate being £27,102. The testator bequeaths £12,000, in trust, for his wife for life, and then to his children; £500 each to the four sons of his brother Franken; £250 each to the daughters of his uncle Dennison; £250 each to Edward Charles Silverthorne and his wife Sarah; £250 each to Jessie, Ada, and Florence Manning; £250 to Mrs. Sophia Manning; £250 to Clara Benstead; £4000 to his brother; and £250 each to Denison William Allport and Thomas

Rowland Allport. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Sept. 16, 1891) of Mr. Joseph Fletcher Robinson, J.P., of Park Hill, Ippleden, Devon, who died on Aug. 11, has been proved by Mrs. Emily Robinson, the widow, and Bertram Fletcher Robinson, the son, the value of the property amounting to £21,000. The testator gives £500 and the household furniture and stores to his wife; and £100 to his sister Sarah Dennant Robinson. One half of the income from the residue of his property is to be paid to Mrs. Robinson while she remains his widow, and subject thereto he leaves the whole of his residuary estate to his son.

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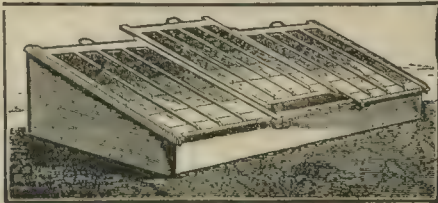
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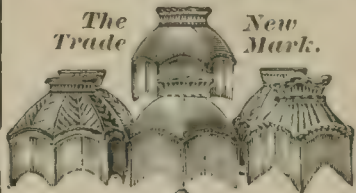
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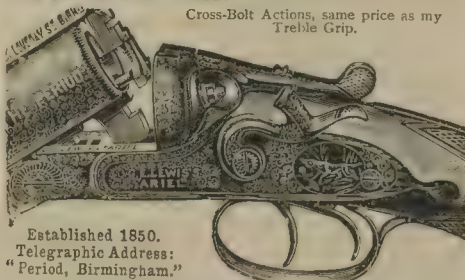
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ALONE IN UNKNOWN AFRICA



BEING MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S STORY OF HIS OBSERVATIONS OF NEW TRIBES, HIS DISCOVERY OF THE ELEPHANT CEMETERY, AND HIS NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE DODINGA.

ILLUSTRATED BY DRAWINGS BY A. FORESTIER FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EXPLORER.

PART II.

I NOW served out the last few drops of water we had left, and after half an hour's rest prevailed on my men to start once more. We plodded on for another hour, often hearing animals we had disturbed dashing past us in the darkness. At last I made out a signal-fire on the hill-side, and soon after, in reply to my whistle, saw a party of men with torches making their way towards us as rapidly as bottles and great gourds of water would permit. I do not think I ever had such a raging thirst in my life, but was careful to abstain from any copious draughts, and relieved it by pouring gourdfuls of water over my burning head. It was twenty-one hours since we started the previous morning, during seventeen and a half of which I had been actually on the move. I at once sent off a rescue-party, which brought in all the men and goods, with the exception of one poor fellow, who was not discovered for two or three days, when his body was found some distance from the path, from which, presumably, he had wandered in his delirium.

It was three or four days after this that we discovered a very difficult track over the mountain to the rocky bed of a river with pools in it. From here we found our way into the upper waters of the Tarash. While following down the banks of the dry river-bed through a grove of fine trees, we heard the lowing of cattle and then voices. We at once snatched boughs from the trees to show our amicable intentions, and a few minutes afterwards found ourselves close to a great crowd of Turkana engaged in watering their herds and flocks from a pit sunk in the bed of the river. Our appearance seemed to excite little surprise, those who had first caught sight of us merely calling the attention of the others and discussing amongst themselves in low tones. One tall old man, with an immense mat of hair, who appeared to be the chief, came towards us, and, shaking me by the hand, led me into the shade to a fallen tree, on which he signed to me to sit down. I was not altogether easy in my mind, as the Turkana are considered one of the most hostile tribes in the whole of that region, and it was at their hands that the Austin and Bright expedition suffered so severely. I had only three men with me, and none of them could speak the language, so beyond smiling amiably and trying to look as though I thoroughly enjoyed the situation, there was nothing to be done. Meanwhile, the women and children were rapidly collecting the flocks and herds and driving them away, while I saw the fighting-men assembling in groups under the shade of different trees, so as

to bar our progress if we tried to advance. When the last flocks had got well away, these parties of warriors gradually followed them, led by the old chief, till there was only a small band left. Just as these were starting to follow their companions, my interpreter arrived. I rapidly explained the situation to him, and he ran after the men shouting words of friendship, and when he had attracted their attention, threw his rifle away to show his peaceful designs. The result was that the whole of the men returned, and, after receiving little presents of tobacco and iron wire, decided that this curious character with the white face and clothed all over, whom they now saw for the first time, was their friend. Later on, the women and children drove back the flocks and herds, and we soon had our camp thronged with natives full of curiosity, examining our equipment with much interest. Presently I got out my Monarch Gramophone and quickly had an admiring crowd of listeners round the tent. Some distance further north we left the Tarash Valley and struck in a north-westerly direction to the foot of a range of hills, along which were many brackish pools surrounded by vivid green grass and with quite a number of duck skimming over the surface. Here I was surprised to see the whole country-side studded with skeletons, and learned that the natives call this "the place where the elephants come to die."

I had planned an elephant-shoot in Toposa, but my bearers were restive, and, fearing that they might desert altogether if we fell in with Abyssinian marauders, who were abroad in that district, I turned aside to visit the Dodinga. After passing a number of deserted villages, on the second day's march we encountered this tribe, who stood at first on the defensive, but, after parley, showed us a camping ground.

We attempted to barter goods with them. Trading, however, was not satisfactory; they brought in very few supplies, seemed discontented with everything we had to offer, and asked prohibitive prices. They told us there was another large settlement of their tribe, where the people had much more corn to sell, and so on the second day I set out thither. Promised guides, of course, did not arrive; and we had to find our own way. A very long march landed us on the spur of a hill, with the only water available at the foot of an almost precipitous cliff far below us. However, my interpreter started off in the afternoon, and returned to say that it was only a short distance and a good road to the villages. Therefore, next morning I told my caravan to proceed there, while I made a short détour in search of game and then rejoined them, only to find that



KARAMOJA WARRIORS IN A POSITION OF ATTACK.

The Karamoja warriors deliver an attack by a succession of short runs of about twenty paces forward, interrupted by halts in a kneeling position. It is interesting to note how nearly the whole of their body is protected by their shield. After the short rush they assume the attitude shown above. The centre wicker-work shield is one used by the youths in practice for warding off sticks thrown by their companions.—MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S ACCOUNT.

the march was even longer and more difficult than that of the day before, that the donkeys had broken down, and the caravan was scattered over miles of country. Hardly had I reached camp, late in the afternoon, when one of my men came in to say a party of natives had suddenly swooped down, made away with three donkeys he was driving, cut the ropes, and carried off their loads. Now, amongst all these native tribes theft is invariably punished by death, so that this meant they considered themselves sufficiently strong to rob me with impunity; therefore, unless I could speedily convince them to the contrary, they would soon grow bolder, and probably attack us with a view to annexing all our property. For the moment I could do nothing, for I had news that two lots of donkeys had entirely broken down and that the men with them intended passing the night where they were until help could be sent them. Next morning we started trading, but, as before, nothing that we had seemed to commend itself, as doubtless they were reckoning that they would shortly get the lot for nothing.

I started building a zariba of the stoutest thorn-bushes we could find. This built, with an inner one for the donkeys and cattle, I had all the tents moved into it, and after dark, when my remaining men and loads had safely arrived, I called a meeting of the guides and headmen. The result was

intelligence, I struck tents and posted guards round the zariba. As I was going around to see that all was in order, the attack began, but was repulsed by rifle fire from my men. This went on at intervals throughout the night, and next day we successfully sent our beasts to water, but in the afternoon the enemy was reinforced, and early next morning stealthy attacks were renewed.

That day the water-party left about seven; but as they did not return at their usual time I sent out some more men. Soon we heard shots in the distance, and I ordered the cattle to be driven in, distributed all the remaining arms, and got out reserve ammunition. After an anxious half-hour my men returned. Even some way off I saw, from their generally excited appearance and the absence of the water-pots, that something serious had happened. Our first care, when they came in, was to unload their rifles, for they were in such a demoralised state that they were letting these off right and left. It was some time before I could get an intelligible account of what had happened. It seemed that without taking any precautions they had walked in a group up the river-bed. Suddenly, a number of Dodinga, who had been hiding behind large stones, sprang up and poured in a shower of spears. Two of the men fell and were left to their fate by the remainder, who, throwing away their water-pots,



DEFENDED BY SUPERSTITION: A TEPETH VILLAGE OF TWO-STOREYED HUTS.

To my questions as to where the Tepeth came from, and why the Karamoja allowed them to live peaceably in their country, they replied that they had come ages ago from the East, and that if the Karamoja interfered with them, they cast a spell which caused the latter's cattle to perish. (See last week's issue.) The most striking features that I noticed about the Tepeth villages were the huts, which, instead of being one-storeyed, like all those that I had hitherto seen in my journey, contained two storeys, the entrance to the upper one being by a sort of dormer window in the thatched roof, which was reached by a rude ladder formed of a tree-trunk.—MAJOR POWELL-COITON'S ACCOUNT.

that we decided to seize some of the Dodinga cattle to hold as pledges till the stolen property was returned. Before dawn three parties of my men had sallied out and were soon returning with the cattle, which they had seized just as the latter were being let out in the morning. The natives, apparently, were so taken by surprise that (with the exception of one man, who, after the animals were well on their way to camp, had suddenly attacked my men) no one had been hurt. Crowds of natives quickly assembled on the hill-tops overlooking our camp. There was much tootling of horns and general commotion. When this had slightly subsided I opened negotiations, and my interpreter appealed to their feelings in a fine burst of rhetoric, describing how his master, the white man, had visited their country with no intention of doing them harm, but only to see them; how he had brought many things they prized to trade for flour; how they, without the least provocation, had turned upon his men and carried off his goods; how he, in his mercy, instead of at once killing many of them, as he easily could, had merely seized their cattle and was now only waiting for them to return the stolen goods before sending them back the beasts he had taken. It was a most eloquent effort, but their sole answer to this harangue was to tell us to wait for night, when they would come down and exterminate us—that on the morrow the vultures would be picking our bones while they were dividing our property. On the strength of this cheerful

gourds, and blankets, turned and fled helter-skelter, though closely pursued. Two or three luckily recovered presence of mind enough to seek cover and open fire on the enemy. This checked the latter for a moment, but they soon came on again, and my men had been closely pressed the whole way, until joined by the relief party I had sent out. Besides the two men killed, several were badly wounded. As we had no water in camp, I proposed leading a party back at once, but only three men volunteered to go with me. The others absolutely refused to stir, saying that they would go without water for that day, and we must march out of the country next morning. As I could not face a whole tribe with only four guns, three of which were perfectly unreliable, I reluctantly agreed to adopt this course, and spent the rest of the day arranging the loads and destroying such property as we could not carry, owing to the donkeys we had lost and porters killed and wounded. Among the things destroyed were two fine ivory tusks we had picked up. Excepting the impounding of the cattle, I and my men had so far acted strictly on the defensive, but matters were now so critical that all scruples had to give way to whatever measures would enable me to withdraw my sixty-five heavily laden and demoralised men in safety. With this view, I determined to give the natives a lesson. Numbers of them were, as usual, watching us from the hill-tops at a distance of between six hundred and eight hundred yards.



WATER AT LAST: THE RELIEF OF MAJOR POWELL-COTTON AFTER HIS GREAT SUFFERINGS FROM THIRST.

[SEE PAGE 1 OF THIS INSTALMENT OF "ALONE IN UNKNOWN AFRICA,".]



"THE PLACE WHERE THE ELEPHANTS COME TO 'DIE.'"

We left the Tarush Valley and struck in a north-westerly direction to the foot of a range of hills, along which were many buckskin pads surrounded by vivid green grass and with quite a number of duck swimming on the surface. Now, in all my journeyings through elephant country, I do not think I had ever come across a skeleton of one of those beasts for whose death the guides could not account, and on no occasion did I ever see two skeletons together. Here I was surprised to find the whole countryside studded with remains. I thought at first that some fell disease had attacked a vast herd, but on questioning my guide, he said: "Oh no, this is the place where the elephants come to die. We often come here to pick up the ivory." I had heard of places like this from the Suahili traders. One man, in particular, had told me that far away to the east of Lake Rudolph he had come upon one of these elephant cemeteries, and in a few days had collected more ivory than his caravan could carry; but I had always regarded these stories as fables.



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST": FIERCE TURKANA LISTENING TO THE "MONARCH" GRAMOPHONE.

Band fliers did not appeal to them, but banjo duets or anything with the human voice, whistling, or the imitation of animals' cries, evoked either roars of laughter or approving grunts. The Turkana are fine tall men. The heads of females wear their hair in a matlike form, as among the Suk and Karamoja, while others had a great top-knot of clay and hair decorated with either a big pompon of ostrich-feathers or single feathers stuck all over it. Nearly all the men wore little deerskin aprons behind, some edged with beads, some not. Many wore knives, almost encircling the right wrist, measuring one-and-a-half to three inches in width, and guarded with leather. The iron hooked finger-rings for tearing the enemy's flesh at close quarters was also common. Most had a necklet of iron wire, or in some cases a "masher" collar formed of several rings one above the other. This held a lump of elephant fat, which, as it melted, trickled down the chest, a mark of opulence and fashion. The men of the tribe wore no clothes, but their women (who were not prepossessing) wore hide skirts, those of the girls often rather prettily embroidered with beads. A few men had fine giraffe-tails as loosely fastened just above the left elbow. Their spears were mostly like the Karamoja's, a few were larger and had blades less leaf-like. The shields were also like those of the Karamoja, but generally larger. A few had snuff-boxes of small tusks hollowed out and hung round the neck, but the majority carried ox-horn covered with the skin of a cow-tail, the long hair being left on and the open end closed by a leather cap. — MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S ACCOUNT.

Taking a very full sight—for my rifle was only sighted to five hundred yards—I fired from under the verandah of my tent at one of the groups. As it scattered at once, I felt sure my bullet had not gone far from the mark, and when, with the glasses, I saw one creep back among the rocks, raise an inert mass, and stagger back with it over his shoulder, I knew, with a feeling of grim satisfaction, that I had shot straight. This incident had an extraordinary effect both on the natives and on my men. The former were now extremely careful of exposing themselves to my fire, while the latter began to show some signs of reviving courage. After dark, numbers of the tribe came down round the camp. They proposed that in the morning I should drive out all their cattle, take half myself and leave them the other half. When I declined to fall into this obvious trap, they proceeded to invite our native guide to come out and join them, as they intended wiping us all out as soon as we started; but he also did not see his way to accept the proposal. Negotiations having failed, we started soon after daybreak to march through the dense bush out of the valley, leaving the greater part of the cattle, and putting the rest and the donkeys in the centre. The Dodinga at once swooped down on the cattle we had abandoned, and then followed us up. I had an exceedingly anxious time, but with a certain amount of snap-shooting at long range, I kept the natives from coming to close quarters, and in the end we got safely away.

After visiting several other hill-tribes, who luckily for us proved friendly, we shaped our course for Tarangola, near which place Limoroo, the most powerful of the Latuka chiefs, met me. He received us very well, and, after a few days' rest, I continued my journey towards the Nile. The guides, as usual, ran away, and the natives refused to show us the road or give us any help. However, we eventually found our way to Obbo, where I spent some

time elephant-hunting, and succeeded in getting some very fine tusks. I then continued my journey, arriving at Nimule, one of the Uganda Government stations on the Nile, on June 9. From here I arranged to go into Congo territory to shoot, and got as far as Mahagi, a Belgian station some ten miles to the west of the northern part of Lake Albert. Here, as in the other Congo Government stations I had visited, I met with the greatest hospitality and was surprised to find the progress being made in roads and rest-houses for the convenience of travellers, a striking contrast to the condition of things on the Uganda side of the Nile. M. Eram, the Chef de Territoire, came an eight days' journey from

his head-quarters at Irumu to offer me his assistance. But the season of the tropical rains had now begun, and I found the grass so high that it was impossible to see anything smaller than an elephant or a giraffe. I therefore took boat to Nimule and marched to Gondokoro, where I arrived on Aug. 26. On the evening of Aug. 30—one day late—the Soudanese steamer came in, and started the next morning on her 1081-mile journey to Khartoum. Except for the kindly hospitality of the Soudanese Government officials, and for my surprise at the wonderful progress of Khartoum, this river-trip was about the most uninteresting I have ever experienced. On Sept. 25 I left Alexandria by the Messageries boat *Saigon* for Marseilles, and on Oct. 1 landed at Dover, thus concluding a journey of over twenty months, which I can safely say is the most interesting that I have made in my fourteen years of travel.

THE
END.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT: THE EXPLORER'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE WARLIKE DODINGA

Just as I had descended through thick bush to a stream flowing at the bottom of a steep valley, my eye caught the flash of a spear, and I found that the hillside was alive with armed men. My guide at once called out to them that we were friendly, but their only reply was to shout amongst themselves as they ascended the steep hill opposite us, and gathered behind a mass of rock almost within spear-throw. I followed my usual custom of sitting down unarmed and trying to look as unconcerned as possible. Meanwhile, my native guide was imploring me under his breath to commence shooting at once before they had speared the lot of us. I told him not to be afraid, and he translated the remarks which we could now plainly hear. They were evidently greatly surprised both at seeing a white man, and one accompanied by so few followers, for I had only five men with me. My interpreter's explanations at last seemed satisfactory. They came down,

conducted me back to meet my caravan, and showed us a camping-place. The Dodinga men stood well over six feet, and were naked, save for a lot of brass armlets and wristlets. They wore no finger knives or hooks, but carried spears, one large and two small, ornamented with tufts of hair near head and haft. One I noticed had a large-headed spear with short haft, for stabbing. The shields were of the Turkana pattern, but larger, measuring forty-one inches over all, the lower part ornamented with a fine pompon of ostrich-feathers. They carried small antelope-horns—some three inches long, some of oribi and others of bushbuck, with little charms attached; they were hung round the neck by a thin leather strap. They blow down the larger end of the horns, stopping the lower with the finger to produce a note. Their hair was daubed with clay, and brought down all round about half an inch from the head like a pudding-bowl. Some had their hair ornamented with discs of white beads, relieved with red, sewn spirally on leather one to two-and-a-half inches in diameter. Others wore a single black or white ostrich-feather or a bunch of both. Nearly all the men had two cuts on each cheek and on the forehead, like the Soudanese. They wore little brass ear-rings on the upper edge of the ear, like those I got in Karamoja; but in addition some had one or two in the lobe the shape of open tongs. From the lower lip hung a clear crystal fendant about two-and-a-half inches long; some had very thin round ivory bracelets, also rings of flat horn projecting from half to three-quarters of an inch from the thumb. Many carried knobkerries, with an iron head like a reel of cotton. Their women had a regular pattern scored on the body, and the head partly or wholly shaved.—MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S ACCOUNT.



THE ATTACK UPON THE EXPLORER'S ZARIBA BY THE DODINGA.

I had all the tents struck as evening drew on, and posted the men round the outside of the inner zariba in pairs, so that they could alternately keep watch and sleep. Finally I went round to see that all was in order; when, just as I was standing talking in a low voice to my headman, a spear whizzed past my left side and buried itself in the ground just behind me. We instantly dropped on all fours and took cover in different directions, for it was too dark to see our enemy. Then the fun began. From three different sides we could hear the Dodinga approaching, blowing the little horns which are the national instrument of music. To this accompaniment they shouted that none of us would see another sunrise, and began the attack by hurling big stones over the outer barrier. According to orders, perfect silence was maintained in the camp. This apparently emboldened them to try and force a gap in the zariba, but as soon as the rustling of the bushes was heard my men opened a rapid fire on the spot, and they withdrew. The same thing went on at intervals throughout the night. A period of silence—much more trying to the nerves than the previous tumult—would be succeeded by a stealthy rustling in the bushes, then a sudden volley and scrambling rush of feet, then dead silence once more. The next day we successfully sent our beasts to water, and later on the natives agreed to return the stolen goods and to pay a fine of twenty sacks of grain.—MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S "ALONE IN UNKNOWN AFRICA."



THE EXPLORER'S BEARERS CROSSING A RIVER ON THE HOMEWARD MARCH.

I marched back to Wadelai, and returned by boat to Nisule, from which place we had a trying ten days' march to Gondokoro, along a mere native track with unbridged streams of various depths, from a few inches to something over a man's height. The reader can easily imagine with what anxiety I watched my worldly goods being carried across these rivers by the tallest men in the caravan, for those of lesser stature had generally to be dragged across, half under water, by a rope.—MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S "ALONE IN UNKNOWN AFRICA."

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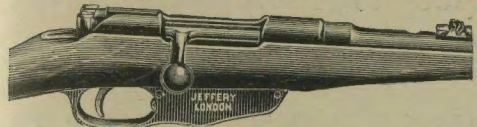
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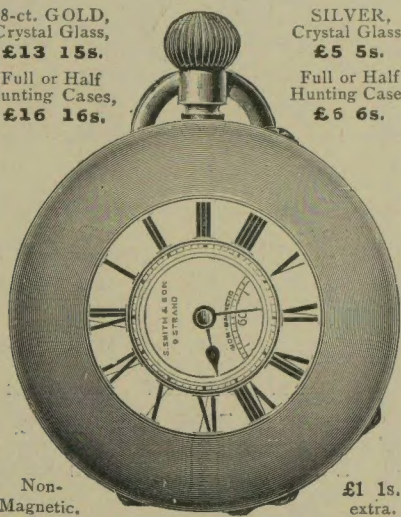
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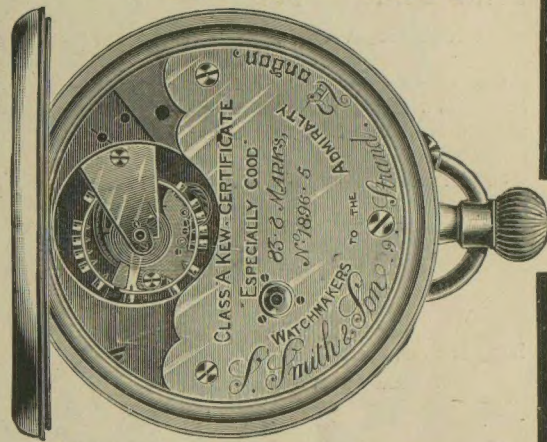
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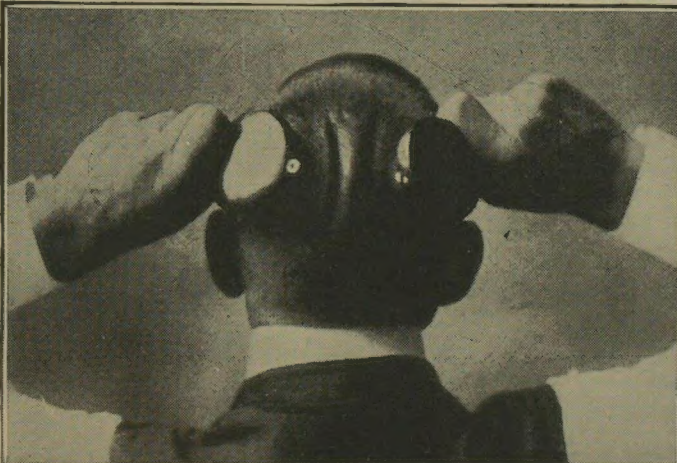


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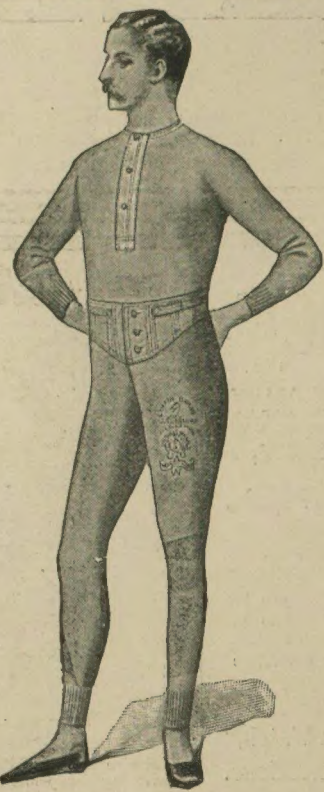
Long Sleeves, Spliced Elbows,
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